NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment---Without Compromise. | JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Corresponding Editor.

VOLUME VIII.—NO. 52. | NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1848. | WHOLE NUMBER 416.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum: Strictly in advance in all cases.

Selections.

From the New-York Tribune.

TO REV. HENRY SLICER, CHAPLIN U. S. SENATE.

DEAR SIR: In my letter to the editor of the *Albany Journal*, describing the scene at the railroad depot, I mentioned the fact that you, being present, greeted the Baltimore slave-dealer by extending to him the hand of friendship, while he was actually employed in one of the most revolting crimes that ever disgraced humanity. I am unaware that that statement, or any other part of the letter, contained any slur upon the Church with which you are connected, unless a discredit may be reflected upon it by the circumstance that it contains within its bosom those who uphold, by the influence of position, the abomination of Slavery. It remains to be seen, Sir, whether the course you pursued at the cars could, by fair inference, be supposed to encourage Slavery and slave-dealers.

In your address to me through the columns of *The Union*, you say distinctly, "I shook hands with Mr. S." and that you would do so with any one. The accuracy of my description of other parts of the drama you do not in the least deny; you do not say that the tears were not falling from the eyes of separated husbands and wives, parents and children; you do not deny that the scene was revolting to a *feeling* heart.

Yet, in the midst of this revolting spectacle, you strike hands with the prime actor! You are so little affected by the brutal business, that you can calmly recognize and shake hands with the dealer. Now, Sir, I ask you, if, from those circumstances, which you do not deny, and those which you distinctly admit, an honest inference might not be drawn, that you "*justify* Slavery." Let us see.

Upon this point, you say you went into the cars to see Henry, a member of your Church. It was true, that while one of Henry's hands was heavily ironed to that of a fellow victim, you shook the other, and passed the ordinary salutation with him. but you held no conversation with him. When he was about starting to a land of torture and early death—to that *Hades* of this nation—you had no words of consolation—no word of hope for this tender lamb of your flock. But you *did* enter into conversation with his tormentor. With him you talked freely, and smiled in the presence of those victims, amid a scene that should have pierced, with pain and horror, the hardest heart. What must have been Henry's emotions when he saw that hand from which he had received the emblems of Christ's body and blood, now extended to greet the wretch who was consigning him to a premature grave? By this act, expressing not censure, but encouragement, did you not justify the trade in human beings? Did you not assume the moral responsibility of the slave-dealer? Can you give countenance to one engaged in a crime, without partaking of his criminality? Would you grasp the red right hand of the assassin? Would you reach forth your hand in amity to one that holds the torch of incendiarism? Would the community—would your own conscience—hold you guiltless of the blow that pierced the victim, or of the act that fired the dwelling? *You cannot give aid and countenance to a man engaged in crime, without assuming his moral responsibility!*

Yes, while a person is engaged in what your Church esteems to be a *crime*—while he is doing an act which you should utterly and unequivocally condemn, you meet him, shake hands with him, converse in a smiling manner, utter no reproof or warning, and (I ask you if the inference is not fairly drawn) justify his deed of baseness and crime. If this inference, expressed plainly at first, with the circumstances that gave birth to it, as correctly as I could then ascertain them, seems to you to be an unkind slur upon your Church, I beg to assure you that you wrongly interpret my meaning. The inference has reference solely to yourself, and loses its weight when extended to others. If you believe that the reputation of your Church will suffer when it is known that one of its ministers encourages the traffic in the bodies and souls of men, you will also see that the responsibility rests with you and not with me.

I have thus far through life entertained a high opinion of the doctrines of the Methodist Church, as well as of the general character of its members. I did not mention the facts alluded to for the purpose of casting odium upon that body of Christians. Neither Christ nor his real followers were disgraced by the conduct of Judas. Nor did Christ teach us to cover up the sins of hypocrisy. On the contrary, He himself was the first to proclaim the wickedness of His unworthy follower.

In my letter I desired to inform my readers that professing Christians not only hold slaves, but sell them; and that a professed Christian minister gave the hand of friendship to a slave-dealer engaged in the actual perpetration of outrages at which Humanity shudders. But I have since made full inquiry as to Slatter's relation to the Methodist Church. I find that his connexions are generally of that faith; that he himself contributes to the support of that denomination from the treasure acquired in the traffic in human flesh; that he owns a permanent pew in the Methodist Church in Baltimore, and that his wife and daughter are members, but that he is not actually a communicant. With these facts, I presume you must have been familiar; and when you took him by the hand, and cast your eye over the victims around him, you must have been conscious that a portion of the treasure for which the bones and muscle, the blood and sinews of those mothers and babes were to be sold, would go to sustain the Church and ministry to which you belong.

You intimate that such prostitutions of the office of preacher, and of the character of our holy religion are none of my business. The remark gives the character of its author. For months have I been accustomed reverently to listen to the voice of your supplication to a pure and holy God in behalf of our country. That voice I subsequently heard addressing a slave-dealer in tones of friendship, without a word of reproof, while he was in the actual perpetration of crimes of the blackest die. Those hands which I have so often seen raised to Heaven in prayer, were given in friendly salutation to a notorious slave-dealer. Was this none of my business? Do you believe I could again hear you provoke the wrath of Heaven by craving its blessings?

Would that I were able to impress you with those feelings of sensibility exhibited by the great Founder of our religion. But I feel humbled when I reflect upon the tone and sentiments of your communication. In that most extraordinary letter, there is not one word of reproof for slave-dealers or slaveholders. Nor have I ever heard you in your preaching allude to this horrid traffic carried on in this city. Such was not the preaching of the immaculate Nazarine. He exposed the iniquities of the people—laid open their sins to the observation of mankind, and proclaimed to them the consequences.

You say you have never known a Methodist engaged in the slave-trade. Sir, have you not known your own Church members sell their slaves? Do they not buy slaves? Does either the selling or buying of slaves exclude them from your communion? No, Sir; I must b wrongly informed if you do not administer the Holy Sacrament to men who barter the image of God for paltry gain; and that, too, without even reproof from you or your Church! Now, the principle is the same whether a man sell one slave or a thousand; and if Slavery is right, so is slave-dealing. If it is right for a man to rob his brother of his liberty, to disrobe him of his humanity, and reduce him to a mere brute, it cannot be wrong to sell him.

Your effort to cast odium upon Henry for an attempt to regain the rights with which God had endowed him, and of which he had been robbed exhibits an insensibility to human rights which, for a Christian minister is too appalling to contemplate. Was it wrong for God to bestow upon him that inherent love of liberty with the right to enjoy it?—Was it wrong in this unfortunate youth to seek to regain the liberty which God and nature designed for him, and of which he was deprived? There can be but one answer given to such questions.

I am surprised at your efforts to free yourself from the charge of justifying Slavery, while I am aware that in common conversation you have no hesitancy to express your approbation of the institution, and your hostility to the attemps made for its abolition.

I do not admire the taste or see the propriety of your thrust at my connection and sympathy with an individual who has been prominent with the Anti-Rent movement in New York, and still less can I justify the spirit that induced you—*an unoffending minister of the Gospel*—to attempt to cast odium upon one who would not demean himself by shaking hands with slave-dealers, and their co-adjutors—upon a man who has made it the great duty of his life to disseminate and advance the highest principles of liberty and justice. If you had taken half as much pains to learn the true character of Dr. Bouton, as you did to publish an aspersion upon his name—an aspersion unjust, because not provoked by injury nor called for by circumstances of any description, and because utterly unfounded—you would have discovered that malice was too feeble a weapon with which to injure him. I am proud to acknowledge that man as a fellow-worker in any cause designed for the benefit of humanity; and your thrusts fails to accomplish your object of disturbing my feelings though its satire is enforced by the name of "Big Thunder," applied to a friend and a man who is honoured by all who know his character. You may be assured that Dr. Bouton will never force his presence upon you; and were he to do so, you would lose nothing by the contact, while you might catch a portion of that genuine patriotism and philanthropy that breathes in all his actions.

Your remarks in regard to "Presbyterian ministers" I have fully considered. The minister to to whom I alluded was of another denomination, as I am informed on reliable authority. I am ready to give at any time that I deem it proper, the name of the denomination and of the person. My intention in this note was to refer to matters personal to yourself, and those parts of your communication relevant to the matter at issue. Here, for the present, at least, I leave the whole subject, which I have reviewed with reluctance.

But, Sir, let me assure you that *when man shall understand his duties to his fellow man, when the principles of the gospel shall be acknowledged, then your letter will be regarded as showing the callousness of a minister in this slaveholding age!*

I am, &c. JOHN I SLINGERLAND.

Washington, May 10, 1848

The character of the Anti-Slavery of the writer of the following article from the Evening Post, is best seen in the last paragraph. He evidently thinks the best thing that can be done with negroes is to keep them slaves, till the earth is bonneted with a new Boreal crown, according to the plan of one of the editors of our democratic neighbour:

ANTI-SLAVERY FANATICISM.

Passing by the Tabernacle on Tuesday, and having an hour's leisure, I stepped in to see what was going on, as I knew it was a meeting of one of the benevolent associations now assembled in our city. A lady, whom I afterwards learned to be Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, was addressing the meeting in a strain of eloquence and truth which was really delightful. She described in a clear and forcible manner the progress of liberal principles in morals, politics, and religion, and the final overthrow of intolerance, bigotry, and Slavery.

After she closed her address Mr. Wendell Phillips, of Boston, arose and offered the following resolution—

Resolved, That, recognizing as we do, with profound gratitude, the wonderful progress our cause has made during the last eighteen years, and yet, considering the efforts now making to impress the community with the idea that the Church and the land can and will abolish Slavery by its own virtue, and that the parties are able and willing to grapple with the evil, this Society deems it a duty to reiterate its convictions that the only exodus for the slave out of his house of bondage is over *the ruins of the present American Church and the present American Union!*

This, Mr. Editor, I consider a little too much for an American citizen to endure, and I, with many others, left the house. I was glad to perceive that the resolution was not universally approved, for while some clapped, there were others who hissed, which indicated that the treason of Mr. Phillips would not be sanctioned in the city of New York.

I have been uniformly the open and fearless opponent of Slavery, whether the subject of it had a white, black, yellow, or red skin, and according to my ability, have advocated the cause of liberty and humanity; but to sanction the sentiments of this resolution would be to approve of what is false, both in theory and in fact. What, I ask, has the Union to do with Slavery? Nothing whatever. It has not the power to establish or abolish Slavery; that is left to the States. And suppose that "the ruin of the present American Union" should take place to-morrow, would that accelerate the exodus of the slave out of the house of bondage?" Think you that any "union" would be formed with States that would control the sovereignty of other States?

But it is false in fact. When "the present Union" was formed, did not Slavery exist in New York, New Jersey, and other States, and has not the "exodus of the slave" been accomplished in those States without the destruction of the American Union?—How preposterously false then is the resolution of Mr. Phillips, and who but a monomaniac upon the subject of Slavery could approve of it. The madness of such people has driven many from their ranks, who have just and proper views of the subject of Slavery, and the manner in which it is ultimately to be abolished from our happy country.

Apropos. After leaving the Tabernacle, I had occasion to pass through Anthony to Hudson street; and if any one wishes to see a sample of the wretchedness, depravity, and misery, of the free blacks, I advise him to pass through that street. He will, I am persuaded, come to the conclusion, that something more is necessary to be done for that miserable race of beings, than to make them free.

BETA.

The Christian Inquirer thus notices our meeting of last week:

Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock, the American Anti-Slavery Society met at the Tabernacle, with its strong men, and its devoted women upon the platform. We have no space to speak at any length of its proceedings at their first meeting of its three day's session. The speakers were Theodore Parker, Lucretia Mott, Wendell Phillips, and Frederick Douglass. Mr. Parker dwelt upon the contradiction between the two ideas of Freedom and of Slavery, embodied in the institutions of this nation, and the tendency of Slavery to destroy all true love of Freedom,—in his peculiarly clear and felicitous style of address, and with his great richness of illustration. Lucretia Mott expounded the great Law of Progress, illustrated in the tendency of human thought, which is ever commanding us to "Go up hence into a land of which it will tell us." In old times the injunction was to do some one thing, to take some single step, which may have been already accomplished. The present Saviour is always speaking in some broader command, inviting us onward to perfection. Wendell Phillips advanced what would be deemed as radical doctrine, in respect to the present Church, and the *present* Union, in a speech which was full of glorious eloquence. Frederick Douglass, whom Mr. Palfrey so justly complimented on the floor of Congress, as possessing an eloquence of which the members there might well be proud, closed the meeting in an address in which deep feeling and the spirit of humour were singularly and happily blended.

We are happy to see by the two following notices, that the New-York Evangelist, which has always been distinguished for its hostility to any effective form of Anti-Slavery, makes, by its praise and dispraise, a proper distinction between the real and false friends of the cause.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

TABERNACLE—TUESDAY MORNING.—The Boston Disunionist Anti-Slavery Society, who rally around Mr. Garrison's standard, held their usual meeting on Tuesday morning, at the Tabernacle. There were the same familiar faces, occupying the same seats, the same old resolutions, the same old speakers, (with a single exception,) the same arguments, (or want of argument) that have been seen or chronicled for many a year. The audience was numerous and respectable-looking, the larger share drawn thither by anything but sympathy with the principal idea of the Society—which has long ceased to have any relation to Slavery, or its abolition. Mr. Garrison presided, and the speakers were the following, and in the following order: Rev. THEODORE PARKER, of Boston, whose recent adherence to the sect was very evident in his frequent departures from some of the particulars of the Garrison creed. He had not been long enough with them to be able to speak by the book; and several of his spontaneous utterances, true to freedom and true also to common sense, had to be rectified by succeeding speakers[!]

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

TABERNACLE—TUESDAY AFTERNOON.—The anniversary meeting of this Society was very well attended, and was one of great interest. Arthur Tappan, Esq. presided, and besides the reading of a series of resolutions by Lewis Tappan, Esq. the only speakers were H. B. Stanton, Esq. and the Hon. John P. Hale, of the United States Senate. The resolutions of Mr. Tappan embodied the principles of the Society, and expressed many of the feelings and convictions of every lover of freedom. They were received with enthusiastic applause, and abound with sentiments so great and noble, that to the exclusion of any report of the speeches, we insert the principal of them. * * *

The Standard.

SPEECH OF MR. PHILLIPS.

Mr. President,—I hold in my hand the following Resolution, which, with your permission, I will offer to the Society, and to which I will address my remarks:

Resolved, That recognizing as we do, with profound gratitude the wonderful progress our cause has made during the last eighteen years, and yet considering the effort now making to impress the community with the idea that the Church and the land can and will abolish Slavery by its own virtue, and that the parties are able and willing to grapple with the evil, this Society deems it a duty to reiterate its convictions, that the only exodus for the slave out of his house of bondage is over *the ruins of the present American Church, and the present American Union!*

(The resolution was received with loud applause, accompanied with hisses from the remote part of the house. At the request of a gentleman below the platform, it was read again.)

That Resolution asserts but very little, if anything, more than has been uttered by the previous speakers. You will not find me differing, scarcely a hair's breadth if at all, from the sentiments to which you have listened, with such profound attention, for the last hour and a half. There has been a response from the bottom of my heart to every expression of gratitude and appreciation of the wonderful progress of the Anti-Slavery cause during the last eighteen years. I know that if we should have prophesied ten years ago, that the labours of the few men and women, pledged to the enterprise, would be blessed by benignant Heaven with so large a measure of success within the short circle of so few years, we should have been deemed more maniac and fanatical than even we have been supposed to be, in expecting so much from such ridiculous means. Most fully do I agree with all that has been said; yet as I listened to the speakers with that delight which we all felt in the picture which they presented to us, I remembered that we came here not only to look in each others' faces, thank God and take courage, as Paul did when, journeying to Rome, he met the brethren, but to look over the land, reassure ourselves of the truth of our principles, take a new departure, make a new observation of the heavens, and see what remains to be accomplished; to gather experience from the past and lay plans for the future. The abolition of Slavery, when first agitated, seemed an extremely simple thing—a very easy task. The distinguished leader of the enterprise, to whom allusion has been made, never dreamed for a moment of the mighty obstacles he would find in his path. On the contrary, with a ready faith, which amounted almost to credulity, he appealed with undoubting confidence to the Church, to the State, to parties and sects, to rally around him; he at last had found a panacea for the griefs of enslaved humanity, a pearl of great price. But slowly and sadly he awoke to the conviction that our institutions are all hollow: when he knocked at the door of the Church, emptiness answered and nothing more. Gradually did the conviction force itself upon him that Slavery was not a mere superficial excrescence, but, like an oak of a thousand years growth, had struck its roots through the strata of a thousand customs, reaching the very fundamental granite of the national character and institutions: that it was to be rooted up only by a convulsion that should re-organize society and make its great interests clash and jostle against each other like mighty vessels in a storm. (Applause.) The Abolitionists from year to year have been more and more deeply pursuaded of this truth, and we draw it not only from the conviction of our own minds, but the strangely frequent defence of the Union, which comes to us from every political gathering, shows how deep the alarm created by our proposing to seek the dissolution of the Union. At the Irish Wake held in my own city, (Boston,) by the Congressional Committee that brought the remains of John Quincy Adams to Massachusetts, Abbot Lawrence is said to have observed that the Union was stronger on that day than it had been for fifty years. He may be right. At that board was met a strange mixture: the men who had attempted to censure and to expel Mr. Adams from the House, were permitted to come to Boston and meet with those who had just been relieved, by his death, from the hard task of appearing to support him abroad, while they were undermining him at home. That day Pilate and Herod were agreed: and if there be any real union between a haughty master and a willing slave, the link that binds Abbo: Lawrence to the chariot of John C. Calhoun may have been heavier that day than ever before. Daniel Webster goes to Springfield and labours an argument for the Whigs on the value of the Union, and as Congressional debates, and party caucuses, the pulpit and the press, labour on all occasions to extol the virtues of the Union [illegible] like husband and wife, as affection begins to cool, they reiterate protestations of love and devotion. (Laughter.) Now Dissolution has been by no means a rare word in our history. Why does it create so much excitement now? Disunion is no rare word on the American page. Why the very man who launched the Constitution, and watched it with a feeling made of two-thirds of doubt, and one of hope, and nothing of expectation, as a boy launches his shingle boat on the pond, hardly thought it would ever swim. And since that parties in the madness of defeat, have cried out for Dissolution, when Dissolution was their only hope of success. Presidential candidates have clamoured for Dissolution, knowing that Dissolution would bring more presidential chairs than one, and sometimes a State has seemed ready to shoot madly from its sphere; but the Abolitionist has this marked difference: he is the first who has ever calmly and beforehand announced his purpose to seek the dissolution of the Union, not in consequence of party disappointments, but as the dictate of duty. It is on this ground, I think, that you receive, and the country receives, with such alarm and disapprobation a sentiment purporting that the anti-slavery world deems the dissolution of the Union a necessary preliminary, as far as we can judge by the light of experience. There is no lamp by which our feet can be guided, said Patrick Henry, but the lamp of experience. I do not know but our country may falsify all probabilities, and from evil seed reap a good harvest: but if effects are to follow causes; if the past be part and parcel of the future, as leading to it, as foreshadowing its character, the experience of the last half century does justify the conviction that there is no salvation for the slave but in Disunion. There are but two sources of ideas in this country, but two great institutions that originate the governing ideas, the Church and the State: two great forms which public conviction takes, political and religious organizations. Now I have talked heretofore, and our friends have talked, on the last of these. It were as hard to exaggerate the pro-slavery tendencies of the American Church, as to "gild fine gold or paint the lily." It always reminds me of Johnson's description of Shakspeare—"panting time toiled after him in vain;" so of the Church,—"panting truth toils after it in vain." A Connecticut clergyman transplanted to Carolina, will sin through the whole gamut, while the satire of Swift and Byron united would be put to its trumps to describe fitly his first note. It is not possible, therefore, for the Abolitionist to use invective when he attempts to describe the American Church and its leaning to Slavery. I always thought the English language had a broad compass of denunciation; but the Anglo Saxon race beat it all hollow in capacity of sinning.

But I want to examine this point;—is Slavery any stronger to-day than fifty years ago? and if so, what has made it stronger? and if the Union has made it stronger, is there any reasonable prospect that we can reverse the paddle-wheels of the nation, and make them go counter to all the past and its present course? Now, what was Slavery fifty years ago? True, we had the same relative proportion of slaves as now, one in six of the population; but look at the relative commercial value of slave property.—They were then valued at twelve millions of dollars; now at twelve hundred millions.

This is the first element of strength in the commercial nation. Slavery has united itself to the great governing power of modern society. It presents itself not as it did when the Constitution was framed, a rotten system, growing less and less in value, but as a mighty institution, monopolizing half the wealth of the land, and overshadowing the other half. It contributes hundreds of millions to the annual products of national industry, and is not so much the corner-stone, as the whole foundation of our Commerce. This is one source of difference between Slavery in 1789 and in 1848. Then as to its more exclusively political progress, what is its tone now? In the Revolution Slavery was weak. Remember it was then spread over the whole thirteen States, and remember, also, that although the wave has retreated, and now only covers one half, although all the tendencies of the age are in favour of freedom, although the strongest throne in Europe has gone down in a day before the working men of Paris, and although the current sets in favour of freedom, and you can hardly count the kings as they fly along the highways, still our accursed system, the vilest the sun shines on, has been gaining strength in the citadel; political power in the Government itself. At the time when the Constitution was formed, where did Slavery stand? A suppliant at the door of the Convention on bended knee, confessing her sins: seeking toleration, only for a few years. Like Morris, in Rob Roy, she might be said to beg only "life, life if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations—only breath if it were to be drawn in the lowest dungeons of our hills."

Men had just come from articles of confederation, which had then been in being for some five or seven years. Those articles did not recognize the slave population. They did not make it, as our Constitution does, the basis of Government; the articles of confederation did not direct the slave once escaped to be returned to his master, he was free under the old law of Deuteronomy, till, like the Puritans, they could make a better. But this supplication of Slavery at the door of the Convention was successful, she was permitted to creep in at the lowest room, a subject of shame to the nation, not to be named among Christians. How is it now? Overshadowing the land, looming up from every quarter, sending out diplomatists steeped to the lips in her principles, taking the very four corners of the Government and lifting them up at her pleasure, asserting that the Union was made to guarantee the institution of Slavery, that the primary purpose of National Government is a crusade against the world to champion the sins of South Carolina. A few days later, how stood the great men of the Republic? That Democratic President, one of whose slaves was among the seventy-seven who endeavoured to escape just now from Washington, James Madison, in the meridian strength of his intellect, in the Congress of the United States, endeavoured to make a way, if he could find it, by which to abolish Slavery from the country.—At the door of Congress, in the fullness of his years, stood Benjamin Franklin, entreating the first Congress to go to the very verge of their constitutional power to put down the system of Slavery. All over the country the great men were pledged to the same ideas. Wythe and Jefferson almost saved Virginia. Jay covered New York with his angel wings, and Samuel Adams thundered in Faneuil Hall. We come down a little later, to 1807. Then the abolition of the Slave-Trade was deemed to be the abolition of Slavery itself. That was the lesson which Wilberforce and Great Britain were teaching the world. By the accomplishment of that, it was thought that the Union would be rendered from the system of Slavery; and as soon as it was possible, in 1807, with a public sentiment almost unanimous, the act of abolishing the Slave-Trade was passed amid great national rejoicing and a self-glorification, which has lasted till our time. We come on a little and behold the scene changes, and States from slave territories demand admission. Kentucky and the rest present themselves, and are smuggled in under the excuse of being part of our original territory. Then Louisiana is admitted.

Where now are the Wythes, the Madisons, the Jeffersons, and the great men of the South? Poor Massachusetts only is found faithful among the faithless. She stood alone in her indignant protest against the introduction of slave States west of the Mississippi. "If a slave a rebellious one," as Alpen sings. We come again down a little later and Arkansas and Missouri are admitted: then public sentiment is aroused by the act to the important subject. It nearly rocks the Union asunder again with excitement: but by a few votes, by the influence of one or two men, the subject is put aside. There was sounded the death kuell of the American nation; then Slavery triumphed, by the knowledge gained there, by the prestige of success. She has gone on since conquering and to conquer. Now she stretches out her hand and grasps all Mexico, announcing that she will annex enough to secure her institutions. Take next the Texas question. The North rouses herself again to action; arguments long unseen fill the air again; old mottoes issue from their hiding-places; the meek, half-awakened North, thinks she has thrown up a barrier over which Slavery can never pass. She glories in mighty numbers; in the "brave words" of statesmen. The South like an angered beast draws growling back, and bides her time. "Texas in and we are out" shouts the exultant North, and then folds its arms to sleep. Watching its opportunity the South stoops, like a falcon on her prey, and all is over Where now are your "Texas in and we out" men? Get a spaniel and think of Webster and Massachusetts, and imagine the answer.

Allow me to pause a moment, and allude in this connection to the melancholy occurrence which happened to Daniel Webster; the particulars of which he has not communicated to the public till very recently. In the midst of the Tyler movements, in behalf of Texas, he went home to Massachusetts, he says, despairing of his country, and anxious to get up an anti-Texas meeting. So he went to Massachusetts, and there, either his credit not being good enough to hire a hall, or his reputation not being large enough to attract an audience, he says he applied to a large number of his political friends, and they thought it was not necessary or judicious, so the poor man went down to Marshfield, and, I suppose, as the clergy say, "wept in secret places," since I never heard of his weeping before in public on this account. All this the great leader of the Whig party relates to the Senate in 1848; being what he *intended* to have done against the annexation of Texas, some four or five years before. It reminds me of the story of an old revolutionary soldier, who came down to Boston at the time Webster was going to declaim over the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument. There was a Committee appointed to examine certain persons claiming to have been present at the battle, who were to ride in open carriages, and be the special object of part of the address. There was one of them who entered the room wishing to have a certificate; and when questioned as to his being present at the battle, he said, "I'll tell you all about it. I got up very early that morning, and said I, wife, we'll have an early breakfast; so we sat down, and then I got my gun out." "Stop, Sir," said the Committee chairman, "we wish simply to know whether you were in the battle." "Let me tell," said he. "We sat down to breakfast, and after we had been there awhile, we got on the subject of the fighting."—"But were you present, that is all we wish to know." "Let *me* tell. Said I, wife, I am going down to Charleston." "You shall do no such thing," said she, and she hid my hat. "Then you were not there?" "No; but I fully *meant* to be there."—(Laughter.) So Daniel Webster meant to oppose the annexation of Texas by a public meeting, but somebody hidh is hat! We are very much obliged to him for the information, though it comes rather late in the day.

I was alluding to the subject of the progress of the political strength of Slavery. Now you will observe that Slavery gains strength, not only in the slave States, but still more in the free States. After the free States have abolished Slavery through motives of economy, they still retain the virus of pro-slavery prejudice, which upholds the system more strongly than any strength of the slave States themselves. Illinois, in her virgin pride, forbids coloured men to set foot on her soil under pain of a large fine and imprisonment. Wiskonsan forbids the coloured man to vote. Ohio disgraces herself by her black laws. Pennsylvania, that once permitted 40,000 blacks to vote, shuts them off by her new Constitution, from the ballot-box. New York still disfranchises them. Connecticut, the little State that exports schoolmasters and wooden nutmegs, steeped to the lips in orthodox divinity, by a large vote refuses the coloured man access to the ballot-boxes. These are the free States of the nation.—Now there was nothing in the public sentiment of the days of the Revolution, in the sentiment of any of the old parties that augured any such result as this. Why a friend told me yesterday, that Timothy Pickering, in 1805, moved for an alteration in the Constitution, to strike out the three-fifths slave basis. If you will pass your eye along the Senate and House documents, you may find a similar motion of Rufus King, and those of others, to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia. Now a Liberty party President sits in the Senate of the United States, and has not yet opened his mouth on the question of abolishing Slavery in the District of Columbia. I might go on, and you may increase them for yourselves, and allude to another aspect, respecting the great men of the Revolution. Wythe, Jay, Madison, and Jefferson, when he almost forfeited the confidence of Virginia, in order to bring forward a plan of emancipation, respected the current sentiment of the revolutionary party. Where are your Gods, O, Israel, now? the successors of these men—their Anti-Slavery sentiments. Echo answers, where? Where is the proposition on the part of any party, or anything that deserves the name of party, to put down Slavery itself? The great parties of the country propose nothing more than to drive Slavery back into its *Constitutional limits!*—The lion has broken out of his cage and torn his door to pieces, and the purpose of the keeper is not to provide for him a stronger cage, but to induce him to retreat into his old one. What is the guarantee that he will stay there? that things will be any better for the fifty years to come? Have we a better man than Jay to lead us against the compromises of the Constitution? Any honester men than Wythe, and bolder men than Ellsworth and Rufus King? I trow not. Why try over again an experiment, tried already under the best of leaders and best of auspices, and which has failed. This bringing Slavery back into Constitutional limits reminds me of the story of the Arabian Nights. A fisherman drew from the water a casket on which was the seal of Solyman. Foolishly listening to entreaties from within, he broke the seal, and there came out a genii, who dilated in his proportions till he filled the whole horizon and reached the heavens; and begun to threaten the man with vengeance, though he had been his deliverer. The story goes on that the cunning fisherman wiled him back by appearing to doubt whether so monstrous a being was ever in that casket; to convince him of which, the genii again entered, and the fisherman shut him up again. Slavery was admitted into an obscure corner of the Constitutional limits, and I said we broke the sacred seal of right God had set upon our hearts; by and by the monster began to expand, it looms up, it covers the horizon; now it plants one foot on Wiskonsan, and exiles the coloured man, the other on South Carolina, and kicks Massachusetts out of Charlestown, in the person of Samuel Hoar;—strangles the Mexican eagle with one hand, and gags with the other the free lips of Faneuil Hall. Seeing all this, foolish politicians say—"wait a little, and I will wile her with a cunning tale—wait a little, you shall see her go down again into the same little chamber whence she came." Suppose she should. What then? Can you keep her there? But bethink you, have you better means to contend with Slavery in time to come than heretofore? Try it. If you have better men, try them—better mottoes, try them. There is Webster, the man who goes up and down claiming the Wilmot Proviso as his thunder, after proclaiming in the October Sun of the old Dominion, that the "Constitution has nothing to do, directly or indirectly, with the subject of Slavery." If he did originate the idea—it owes him no practical development. He is like a man with a patent, who made no use of his invention and lost it, as the lawyers say, by *non-user*. Webster now, at least, has no claims. He reminds you of a man in the theatre who had invented a method of producing a rumbling noise for the actors, and whenever it was successful, stood up and cried out to his companions in the pit, "that is my thunder;" exactly so with Webster. But the malicious world will not believe Daniel, especially as they see he dares touch his own thunder only when very far north in a cool climate, (say at Springfield, by the cool Connecticut,) fearful of burning his fingers. Did he launch it in the hot sun of the District, or under the red heat of Calhoun's flashing eye?

Calhoun is bringing in the abomination of his pro-slavery doctrines. Taylor has written two letters too much:—one about the blood hounds and the other with his sword on the battle-fields of Mexico. Clay is beyond redemption.—As for McLane, he comes with a white shield like the man in the London riots, when some were writing over their doors, "no Popery," and others "no Protestantism," he wrote over his door, "no Religion at all." An American politician has no chance for success unless he was never known before. (Applause.) The best you can say of him is, he has no principles whatever. (Applause.)

Just imagine, then, presidential candidates coming up like the knights of old with their banners. Calhoun has got a black flag, and on it, in red lines, "Slavery now and forever." The lurid light glares from it, and he bears himself bravely below. Then comes Taylor, with a banner dripping with blood, and no motto—it needs none. Clay lowers like a blight over Kentucky, with lines borrowed from Queen Elizabeth's answer to the Catholics,

"What the Convention make it
That I believe and take it."

McLane has a white flag of silk, and on it, "No principles, suit yourselves." John P. Hale shews a man attempting to stand on two stools, and for a motto, his answer to Foote when charged with approving of the action of Captain Sayres. "Thou canst not say that I did it."

Truly, No. No man ever stood on two stools. There was a time when sons of South Carolina went like Olmutz and Huger and Bollman, to risk their lives in saving Fayette from the grasp of a tyrant. Did South Carolina approve then? Now they ask of Hale what he thinks of this act of Captain Sayres, and he says, "thou canst not say I did it."

Polk's banner is pictured with three women, sold at auction the for benefit of the United States Treasury, and the legend, "these are my trophies." But I have only named five, there is a sixth. Webster comes from New England with his banner, like a true Yankee, inscribed on both sides, for shall not all customers be suited? One side is towards New England, and its design, like our old New England almanac, is calculated "for the meridian of Boston, but will do for the neighbouring States." (Laughter.) It is a man running after the Wilmot Proviso, and saying, "that's my thunder." On the other side is an autumn scene; with the beautiful and sunlit Capitol of Richmond in the background, and over it the date "1840," before it stands the "Godlike" Daniel, and floating from his lips is the motto, "Go home to your friends, and spread it broadcast by press and speech, that Daniel Webster, in the October's sun, of the Old Dominion, before the Capital at Richmond, proclaimed his belief, that the Federal Government has no power, direct or indirect, over the subject of Slavery." And Daniel would get on very well, but that, to borrow a Jack Downing word, our coast winds are "cantankerous," and will keep turning the banner the wrong way.

"These be thy Gods, O, Israel." These are the men that are to save us; if political machinery can save us. These are the men that represent the political idea of the times. Do not imagine that Anti-Slavery has any hatred toward these. I am not using invective when speaking thus of these men. When you look up at the vane you do not feel angry with it, though the wind be East. So with this man. I am sorry for the pro-slavery cause to which they bow.

They are but straws on the current, and I dwell upon them by name, simply because men cannot receive truth except when it links itself to individuals. God never reforms men with abstract ideas. The philosopher and student digs up from the lowest strata a new idea, and links it with his fibres and his blood, and grows strong in the hope that it will some day be the idea of the community. He casts it out broad-cast, and thoughtful men like himself gather rich fruit from it. But the people do not reach ideas so. It is when some Luther smites with his battle-axe the triple crown, that the people apprehend the principle symbolized in the struggle, help the defender, and become sharers in his mighty idea. If, therefore, I would make this people apprehend the great truths of Anti-Slavery, I must deal with the leaders of parties, not in the spirit of anger, not in the spirit of insult, not because the individual is not as good as any of the party he represents.

It is time for me to close. I know there are other men who can interest you far better than myself. (Cries of "Go on.") I do not forget the devotion of Palfrey, the boldness of Giddings. John P. Hale, when cut loose from the ridiculous political balloon which lifts him into the Presidential current, and set on his own feet in the Senate, is an honest and a brave man. (Great applause.) I recognize the services they can do to the cause of liberty, but always when I think of them, I think of them as of the man in the old fable in chains, and compelled to fight for his liberty. It is Giddings with his hands chained behind, Palfrey with his foot entangled in the network of that covenant with death he has sworn to support. On the other side towers Calhoun, armed with his battle-axe, nerved with the hope of saving his own plantation. And how unequal is the contest! (Applause.)

The Southerner gets up and says to Mr. Hale, "do you approve the act of Captain Sayres." Did he say, "My mother told me of Wallace;—I have heard of a William Tell? South Carolina once produced a Marion, and it was somewhere here Henry was born, with his cry of "Give me Liberty or give me Death." Did he point to France, and say: "why do you glory in the blouses, and then forget the heroes at home?" No. He says, "I have never counselled, nor aided in any way, and never shall counsel or aid in any encroachment on the compromises of the American Constitution." He respects the laws of the District! He knew there was a law above all these; there was a seal more sacred than that of Solyman; it was set on a casket more precious than that of the Arabian tale. He knew the ears of the world were waiting his answers. How like ice have they fallen on the beating hearts of those who judged of him by the foolish wishes of a party that seeks to skulk out of existence under the shadow of his name. They went on to question him; "Do you believe, Mr. Hale, that any man in the District has property in his fellow-man." "I never said I did not believe it," says the representative of the political Anti-Slavery party. "Do you approve," says one, "of the act of Captain Sayres." "I never said I did," was the reply. (Cries of "Shame.") What could he have said else? Men, who go to the ballot-boxes next fall in New York, what could you say less? How dare you lift to God a pure hand and swear you will support the Constitution as he did, and then cry shame on him for giving just such infamous answers as you must give in his place? If you plant the vine, you must expect the fruit: if you eat sour grapes your teeth will be set on edge. There is not a man of you who has a right to throw a stone at John P. Hale: he said just what he ought to have said, unless he were bound as I think, and ready as he ought to be, to refuse an oath in support of the Constitution. I take him only as the Spartans took the drunkard and placed him before their children, for a warning. He is the likeness of yourselves; then ask yourselves—are you ready to go and do likewise. So with Giddings. These are different men from those of the past, and better men. Why the old representatives always reminded me of the story of the Sicilian slaves, who, when their masters were all absent in battle, revolted, and took their stand, in arms, outside of the town. Their masters returned, and when they found it was only their slaves, sheathed their swords and displayed the slave-whips. At the sight of this well-known instrument they struck immediately. Calhoun did not need his battle-axe. The South came with their slave whips, and the white slaves of the North recognized the legitimate symbol of authority, and bowed their knees at once. (Applause.) But, thank God, it was discovered one day, that one Joshua R. Giddings had a back bone, and men began to conclude Abbe Raynal was wrong,—the race had not degenerated on this side the water.

We are told to trust the Constitution—the Statesmen of the nation—one error may be mended—we do not think our distinguished men to be worse than all the world. Daniel Webster was as sound a man when he started as James Madison, as Luther Martin, or Governeur Morris, but he was thrown into the maelstrom of political temptation, and like the sailor carried over the waterfall, dumb! (Applause.) Clay, you recollect, was told by one of his constituents, "Harry, I've voted for you for years,—but never shall again after such a vote." "Have you a rifle," said Clay. "The best one in all Kentuck." "Did it ever miss fire," asked Clay. "Sure enough." "What did you do, throw it away?" "No, indeed—pick the flint and try it again," cried the hunter." "Try *me* again," was Clay's reply—and you know his magic wit was successful. But we are asked to keep picking the flints of rifles that have *always* missed!

Slavery has swelled from, in fifty years, 700,000 to 3,000,000. She emasculates our literature, stains the ermine of justice, renders the wealth of the land her vassal, poisons the communion cup, prostitutes the influence of the nation to her purposes, laughs at political parties, makes ready use of religious sects. Can either sect or party shew a cause to expect a change? If a tree has borne figs will it begin to bear grapes? I trow not. I know the power of this sentiment to which my friend Parker has alluded, but I know this also, that the way in which truth makes his way against institutions thoroughly corrupt, is not to bow at their feet "with bated breath and whispered humbleness," and cry we are very moderate men; "O, King, live forever; thou hast but cast us into a fiery furnace and a lion's den." This was not Luther's tone, or Fox's. It is not before such timid or uncertain trumpets that the walls of cities fall down, or evils blanch away. I believe in the hopeful picture our friend has so eloquently depicted. I know God did not bring noble men here and give them this noble heritage, that our coasts should be strown with the wrecks of human hopes. Liberty is not to die here. God never scooped the valley of the Mississippi for her grave, nor formed the thunders of Niagara for her requiem. This people should be the standard-bearer in the hopes of humanity. They will be made so only by the progress of the Anti-Slavery sentiment, trampling on a corrupt Church and replace it by a purer expression of a true religious sentiment.

A man fancies that at whatever cost, he must go up and be a citizen, even if he sacrifice to idols, to gain permission to touch a ballot. As Andrew Fairservice said, if you put a pudding on one side of hell and an Englishman on the other, he will spring for it. So with an American, if you put him on one side of the crater and a ballot on the other, he will risk all to get it. He thinks God sent him into the world to vote, and before He made him a man, He made him a citizen, taking into account what he should do at twenty-one. Forgetting that the highest expediency is the highest right, he dreams he shall lose influence if he sticks close to honesty.

It is no proof of faith to trust a great principle when its good results spring up at your very feet; but when it is done in darkness, when the principle seems to the world to be folly, and leads only into clouds, then faith folds her arm in sublime trust, and resting on the bosom of infinite wisdom, rests secure that when he laid the foundation of the earth, he saw to it, that justice should be always expedient. (Applause.) Therefore, when the American is called to sunder himself from the Constitution, tear himself from the Church, or rather, walk alone as its single representative, to sever the fibres that seemed to bind him to his kind, let him trust God, that He will pour into his bosom tenfold strength, that conscience shall more rebuke the world about him than thousands who make a compromise with their consciences, and barter right for availability.

But I have spoken too long, therefore, I bid you farewell. My subject would take many more hours than I could ask to day, to do justice to it; but commending it to your careful consideration, whether with the experience of the last fifty years before us, and the present aspects of the political world, there is any hope for the salvation of the slave, except in such a radical convulsion as will shake society from its very foundations.—When you have come to that conviction, do not count the progress by the numbers. Are we not surrounded by 40,000 women of Scotland, (pointing to the Address,)? Have we not friends of liberty on the other side of the ocean? All literature is with us; God himself; the instincts of humanity, all this counts for thousands and tens of thousands.

Remember, that when Jupiter is said to have hurled the giants from Heaven, and buried them beneath the Sicilian mountains, fastened them with thunderbolts, they still moved enough to make the whole Island tremble.—Buried though we be, beneath the mountains of prejudice and pro-slavery corruption, we can still, if true to our conviction, so shake the foundation of society that the land shall tremble forever. (Great Applause.)

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1848.

The Standard—New Arrangement.

The Standard, for the ensuing volume, will continue under the charge of its present editor, with the assistance of James Russell Lowell, as Corresponding Editor.

Mr. Lowell's contributions will be weekly, and over his own initials.

Edmund Quincy, whose letters from Boston, are already known to, and appreciated by our readers, will continue our regular *Boston Correspondent*. A letter from him will be published every fortnight.

Our Dublin Correspondent, R. D. Webb, will keep us informed of the condition of Ireland, and the state of Europe generally, as heretofore by regular communications, twice each month.

We have the promise, also, of occasional letters from two well-known friends of the cause, who will leave this country on the 1st of June, for Europe.

With such a list of *regular contributors* to its columns, in addition to those who favour us with occasional communications, we are confident that the Standard will be worthy of, and we trust will receive, the hearty support of every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society. We are certainly speaking within bounds, when we say, that no volume, since its establishment, has been commenced under more favourable auspices. The engagement of Mr. Lowell, whose reputation as a poet, and a reviewer, is second to no other in this country, we esteem as a most fortunate one for the paper and the cause which it advocates. And it is not improper to say here, that the frequent quotations which are made from the letters of our Boston and Dublin correspondents, are the best proof of the esteem in which they are held by our contemporaries of the Press.

Two years since the price of the Standard was put at $1 *per annum*, in the hope of an increased circulation. The success of the experiment has not been such as to justify, in the opinion of the Committee, the continuation of these terms, in view of the increased expenditure involved in the new arrangement. The subscription-price, therefore, will be raised, at the commencement of the new volume, to its former rate of *Two Dollars per annum*, payable in advance. The new arrangement commences immediately, but the price will not be raised till the 1st of June. All subscribers who have *already* paid in advance for the next volume, will receive the paper, till the close of their year at the old price. All whose year commences *before* the close of the present volume, and who pay before the change is made, will receive the paper to the close of *their* year, at $1 *per annum*. But all who do not pay before the 1st of June, whose subscription commences at that time, and have not already paid, will pay the new price of $2 *per annum*.

FIFTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The undersigned, earnestly desiring the abolition of Slavery, have been led, by the strength of their wish, carefully to consider what means may be found sufficient for the accomplishment of this great and holy object. They find that Slavery exists through the selfishness, the ignorance, the cowardice, the hypocrisy of the people. If the nation could be made more conscientious, disinterested, courageous, enlightened, and true to its own political and religious principles, the work were done. Until enough nobility of spirit can be awakened in the land to make the clergyman, the farmer, the lawyer, the mechanic, the merchant and the politician willing to renounce their hopes of worldly success, and see their respective careers of individual advancement closed up, apparently forever, by their allegisnce to Freedom;—to make the women of the land feel themselves disgraced by their indifference to such a cause as this;—to make the Christians and citizens of the land willing to bear the suffering and odium consequent upon an adherence to right against law and custom;—until this can be accomplished, the Southern slaveholders are upheld in their sin by the powerful support of Christian fellowship, social sanction, and civil participation.

We determine, therefore, to strike at once at the root of Slavery by appealing to the hearts and consciences of men, and withdrawing their allegiance from such shameful cruelty and wrong, by the continual presentation of the paramount claims of Freedom and Humanity.—Union being strength, that fact decides us to co-operate with any whose principles prove them to be trustworthy; who make the abolition of Slavery their primary object; and who, in addition to their honesty of purpose, have sense and sagacity enough to make them safe coadjutors, by securing them from becoming the prey of the selfish set of hypocritical adventurers that every moral revolution calls forth. We find such a sufficient and trustworthy body nowhere but in the American Anti-Slavery Society. Years of close observation of its righteous principles and uncompromising practical workings, assure us that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found thereby to have exercised a controlling influence for good throughout the country. It dictates the course and bends the policy of every political party; and, speaking as it does from a height above their selfish personal struggles, its words of everlasting truth are heard, and more and more obeyed. While calling on all to unite with it, it has ever, by the energy and rectitude of its progress, been free without license, and elective without invidiousness. It is not too much to say in its praise, that its cause and its course repel all but the wise, the good, and the bold from active co-operation with it, and brand with dishonour the hand that approaches it to make it the instrument of any selfish purpose. It has no local attachments, no partisan or sectarian partialities, no hidden aim, no double purpose; while, at the same time, every observer notices how happily its labours prepare the way for every good work: for, though specific in its object, its great principle of *immediate individual reform*, without awaiting the gradualisms of party politics, legislative action, and judicial decision, is one of universal application.

This, therefore, is the mode of operation, which commends itself to our reason and feelings. The agents and friends which such an association of necessity draws forth, are the ones that we wish to sustain. The periodicals that such an association employs are the ones that we wish to circulate. In the councils of such a body where all persons have equal rights of membership, the whole collective, energy, and judgment are constantly in use, and the chances and means of success consequently doubled.

Hence we find it to be our duty, in preparing for the FIFTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR to commence in FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, on Thursday, DECEMBER 21st, to devote the funds then raised, to sustain the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, in its sacred work of moral agitation and revolution in behalf of the enslaved, and confidently appeal to all good hearts EVERYWHERE, in aid of so noble an enterprise.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
For the Committee.

[The names of the Committee not having been received in season for this paper, will appear next week.]

All persons desiring the privilge of coöperating with us in this joyful and holy work, are informed that the pecuniary value of donations of money and materials, is doubled to the cause through the means of the Bazaar, by the care, skill, and ingenuity which are entrusted with their management. *Supplies for the refreshment table are particularly desired.*

Friends of the cause aware of the advantages accruing to it from The Liberty Bell, are requested to forward their donations and articles *immediately*, or as soon as convenient.

Friends in England, Scotland, and Ireland, are requested to address their contributions as usual, to MARIA W. CHAPMAN, care of A. W. Weston, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Contributions and letters from the American side of the Atlantic, hitherto addressed to M. W. Chapman, may be addressed to ANNE W. WESTON.

Communications from friends in the country respecting lodgings for ladies intending to furnish tables, should be addressed to ELIZA F. MERIAM, Boston.

Members of the Committee who will be in Europe during the remainder of the year, will be most happy to receive donations for the purchase of choice and rare foreign articles for the Bazaar. Address CAROLINE WESTON, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Every friend who furnished evergreen for the decoration of the Hall last year, is entreated for the sake of the cause, to continue the same good office, by *seasonably* gathering the requisite "running green," and red cedar trees, and bringing them to Boston, on Saturday, Dec'r. 13th, thus allowing the indispensable three days before the 21st, for the arrangements.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

Mr. Calhoun. Mr. Foote. General Cass.

MR. CALHOUN.

These recent disgraceful outrages in the District of Columbia strike a heavy blow at rational liberty all over the world. Who will credit that property (the cement which binds together all modern political fabrics) can be secure under republican institutions, when it is thus rudely invaded within the very jurisdiction of our highest legislative assembly?

MR. FOOTE.

It is a sentiment of the Bible, I believe, that riches have the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth. But the South labours under this greater misfortune, that her property is endowed with legs and a kind of brute instinct (understanding, I will not call it) to use them in a northerly direction. It is a crowning mercy that God has taken away the wings from our wealth. The elder patriarchs were doubtless deemed unworthy of this providential interference. It was reserved for Christians and Democrats. The legs we can generally manage, but it would have been inconvenient to be continually clipping the wings, not to mention possible damage to the stock. For these and other comforts make us duly thankful!

MR. CASS.

My friend Louis Philippe—ah, I had forgotten; I should have said my late friend ——.

MR. CALHOUN.

The unfortunate are never the friends of the wise man.

MR. CASS.

I was about to say that the Count de Neuilly has often remarked to me that we were fortunate in having so conservative an element as "persons held to service or labour," (I believe I do not venture beyond safe Constitutional ground,) mingled in a just proportion with our otherwise too rapidly progressive institutions. There is no duty of a good statesman, he said, at once so difficult and so necessary as that of keeping steadily behind his age. But however much satisfaction a sound politician who adheres to this theory may reap in the purity of his own conscience, he will find that the dust incident to such a position will sometimes so choke him as to prevent his giving an intelligible answer to the often perplexing questions of his constituents. Yet I know not whether in such exigencies a cough be not the safest, as it is the readiest reply. It is an oracle susceptible of any retrospective interpretation.

MR. CALHOUN.

A politician who renders himself intelligible has put a rope round his own neck, and it would be strange indeed if his opponents should be unable to find a suitable tree. The present Revolutionary Government of France have taken many long strides toward the edge of that precipice which overhangs social and political chaos, but none longer than in bringing Government face to face with the people. That Government is the most stable which is the most complicated and the most expensive. Men admire most what they do not understand, and cling tightest to what they have paid, or are paying, most for. They love to see money spent liberally by other people, and have no idea that every time Uncle Sam unbuttons his pocket he has previously put his hand into their own. I have great fears for France. The Provisional Government talks too much and too well,—above all it talks too clearly. In that wild enthusiasm generated by the turmoil of great and sudden social changes, and by contact with the magnetism of excited masses of men, sentiments are often uttered which, however striking and beautiful they might be if their application were restricted to the Utopias of poetry, are dangerous in their tendencies and results if once brought into contact with the realities of life. Despotisms profited more than the Catholic Church by shutting up Christ in the sepulchre of a dead language. A prudent and farseeing man will confine his more inspired thoughts to the solitude of his closet. If once let loose, it is impossible to recall these winged messengers to the safer perch of his finger. He may keep an aviary of angels if he will, but he must be careful not to leave the door open. They have an unaccountable predilection for entering the hut of the slave, and for seating themselves beside the hearth of the labourer. Mr. Jefferson, by embodying some hasty expressions in the declaration of independence, introduced explosive matter into our system.

MR. FOOTE.

Yet Mr. Jefferson knew how to divorce the theoretic from the practical. If he threw firebrands, it was not in the direction of his own house. Indeed, he commonly used them, as a prudent man ought, to keep his own pot aboiling. His words elevated him to the presidency; his works, in any communityless patriarchally organized than that in which it was his good fortune to dwell would have elevated him to the gallows. If, for the sake of appearances, he declaimed against our wisest and most cherished institution, he was neither so thriftless, nor so inhuman, as to turn the Ishmaels he had begotten into the desert. He was a prudent and economical farmer of all the qualities of his nature. If he made his organ of language profitable to him as a politician, he no less enriched his pocket, as a private citizen, by his philoprogenitiveness.

MR. CALHOUN.

Mr. Jefferson, like all theorists, was a dangerous man. Hesiod might have taught him that, in uttering political axioms, the half is better than the whole. Concessions to the vague instincts of the populace are always unsafe; if made in advance, they are insane. Words are the paper-currency of statesmen, but to inspire confidence they must be supposed to rest on the specie-basis of deeds.—Panics are continually arising to create a run upon the banks, and at such a crisis they are safest who have the least of the representative currency in circulation.

MR. CASS.

Mr. Jefferson may have been a dangerous man, yet we owe him a large debt of gratitude. His paper-money as you call it, has enabled us hitherto to purchase the votes of the Northern Democracy, and to keep the reins of government in our own hands. As yet but a very small fraction of the Democratic party in the free States are demanding specie. I have generally found brass to answer tolerably well as a metallic basis.

MR. FOOTE.

Yet even that small fraction is enough to produce serious inconvenience. The license permitted to public meetings at the North is of a very demoralising tendency. If hordes of work-people are allowed to gather together, and express their ignorant sympathy with armed resistance to legitimate authority in France, Germany, and Ireland, will an imaginary barrier, like Mason's and Dixon's line, suffice to prevent the spread of their contaminating insubordination? May not their sympathies take a wider, (I should say a narrower,) range?

MR. CALHOUN.

I have no fear of it at present. If, as moralists tell us, the instinct of looking up be innate in the human mind, the desire of having something to look down upon is no less so. The Northern operatives are quite willing to have everybody brought down to their own level, but they would think twice before stretching a hand to lift any one up to it. The contempt for the negro in the free States saves us the expense of many handcuffs at the South. As long as men can talk freely, they are the less disposed to think deliberately, and to reason soundly. Could some new Pythagoras impose a seven years' silence on our Reformers, I should tremble as the eighth year drew nigh. As long as we have peace and surplus land we are safe. Remove the disturbing element of hunger, and the great masses of men do not remain long in solution. They crystalize rapidly and firmly into the old forms. Allow a people to talk about their wrongs freely, and they are no longer immediately dangerous. They instantly split into factions and quarrel as to the fitting remedy. The private animosities of Reformers are the bulwarks of existing abuses. The Communist unites with the Abolitionist to destroy the Fourierist, and with the Fourierist to put down the Abolitionist. Each fraction, also, possesses a polypus faculty of producing antagonizing influences. Even a dispute about Phonography will divert them for a week or two from saving the world.

MR. FOOTE.

Yet such exhibitions of fanaticism, as the one we have recently witnessed, are disorganizing. Whatever assails the permanence of any species of property, turns investments into securer channels. The pocket is the only barometer for the statesman. Many of the negroes lately kidnapped, were the property of persons with very limited means, in some cases of the widow and the orphan. The gentleman on whose religious instructions I attend, very properly asked in his last Sunday's discourse, if these incendiaries had forgotten the vengeance denounced by the Founder of our holy religion against the spoilers of the widow and the fatherless. One girl, I happened to know, belonged to a poor and pious widow of this city. The wench was nearly white, and of a figure approaching in beauty to Powers's Greek Captive, though more voluptuous in its proportions. Her mistress had lately refused fifteen hundred dollars for her. I assure you she was well worth that and more, but this noble woman refused it. She denied herself the many luxuries which the money might have procured, in the hope of bequeathing her, as a widow's mite, to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. What punishment is severe enough for monsters who would cross the path of piety such as this?

MR. CASS.

If a Northern man who sincerely regrets the misfortune of his birth may be allowed to express any opinion on a matter of this delicacy, I should be inclined to say that the late unhappy outrage itself (unhappy, I mean, in its intention, for the kidnappers were providentially baulked in their nefarious design) was of less deleterious consequence than the debate which arose from it. Though the fanatics in both Houses deserved all, and more than all, the polished denunciation which the Senator from Mississippi and other gentlemen launched against them, yet I am one of those who think that punishments should be as private as possible. If one of your female servants should break a coffee-cup, you would not apply the corrective of the cart-whip, (however proper it be in itself,) before the windows of your drawing-room, and within sight of a Northern guest.

MR. FOOTE.

We would chastise the jade in Faneuil Hall if we thought proper. Did the blood of my ancestors water every field of their country's glory, from Bunker's Hill to—to—to Buena Vista, for nothing? Is our noble Constitution a piece of waste-paper?

MR. CASS.

No doubt every high-minded Southern gentleman would do what was becoming a freeman under the circumstances; and in the present instance I would pardon much to the natural indignation aroused by unprovoked and unparalleled outrage. Yet I question whether the noses of Northern constituencies are not beginning to redden under the vicarious tweakings they have so long received through their waxen representatives here, as Virgil, you remember, supposes of Daphnis. They may be infected with a squeamish desire to send hither men with more sensitive features. For the sake of that Union, the whole of whose common blessings you have a just title to enjoy by yourselves, but a portion of which you have nevertheless generously extended, in time past, to such unworthy individuals as myself, I should deplore such a contingency. It would be a misfortune never to be remedied should the few remaining bonds of enlightened sympathy between the opposing sections of our beloved country, the common mother and sustainer of us all, be rasped off in the unguardedness of angry debate.

MR. CALHOUN.

You forget you are not in the Senate. There never were any natural bonds, and there remain only the jagged stumps of those artificial ligatures contrived by the framers of our polity. These grate sorely together at every jar of our system, and may well be spared. Two perfectly plain and polished surfaces adhere firmly together, while two rough ones fall asunder of their own weight, unless one be kept carefully atop of the other. We have succeeded hitherto in keeping the South in this relation to the North. You, at the North, are so far advanced in Democracy, as to have extinguished the race of haughty and high-spirited gentlemen; you have not yet advanced far enough to produce a race of self-centred and magnanimous men. You have many Cleons, but no Pericles. After all, a thread of cotton is strong enough to hold us together. I was in favour of a Tariff until Northern cotton manufactories should be well established. It is they that have set us in the saddle, booted and spurred us, and put a whip in our hands. I am now in favour of free trade just so far as will keep our Northern hackney quiet in the harness. We must not give him too much oats. But he has worn blinders so long that his sight is weakened, and sheers from a bushel of corn.

MR. CASS.

I am inclined to agree with Mr. Douglass, that the tone of the late debates will tend to excite abolition feeling at the North. It is already too widely prevalent.

MR. FOOTE.

I have often been assured by Northern gentlemen, on whose intelligence I can rely, that the more respectable classes in the free States are entirely sound on this point. Men of ability, desirous of lending their services to their country in the way of public office, are obliged to make concessions and to give pledges, but the feeling among the influential order is healthy.

MR. CALHOUN.

Pledges of this kind give me no anxiety. They are the most perishable of commodities, and so prudent office would insure a cargo of them for so long a voyage as to Washington. Our safety is in the indifference of the labouring class. It is time now that the growth of manufactories in the free States should be checked. Just so soon as the operative class becomes overcrowded, springs up the fatal question of the rights of labour and the duties of capital. Public sentiment grows upward and not downward. The whirlpool is narrower and swifter toward the bottom. Hitherto capital has had no duties except to itself, and it hardly seems more unnatural that it should own the labourer outright, than that it should buy the use of him at the cheapest rate. If labour may come into the market, why not the labourer himself? While political economists are buzzing about the divine relations of demand and supply, a feeling is ripening underneath which will reduce the whole question to one of angry and irrepressible demand. When Hunger and Ignorance begin to reason together, they talk in a language which your respectable classes do not understand and cannot reply to. *Why are we here?* they asked in France, and the throne of the most respectable monarch in Europe crumbled beneath him. Shakspeare has compared the stomach to a clock, and it is on the dial of such a clock that the last hour of Slavery is numbered.

MR. FOOTE.

It is a pity that there is no Censorship of the Press at the North. We have not only that, but an entire control of the Post Office also.

MR CASS.

The knowing on which side their bread is buttered, which, so far as I can perceive, is the only kind of knowledge possessed by the majority of editors, exercises a stricter censorship than that of Nicholas.

MR FOOTE.

I took occasion in the debate to express a desire for the dissolution of the Union. It is always well to remind the North of the prosperity we should enjoy without her. By making alliances offensive and defensive with England and France—hem! I had forgotten,—but no matter; dissolution under any circumstances would be preferable to these infidel assaults on our property and rights. Is it possible that we live in a Christian land, and in the nineteenth century? For a less outrage than the recent attempt at kidnapping, we chastized Tripoli in 18—, I do not remember the precise date. The Tripolitans—or was it the Tunisians? had possessed themselves of a few sailors the colour of whose skins made them comparatively valueless in a mercantile point of view. I have always questioned the expediency of our interference in that matter. Striking at the right of enslaving captives, strikes at the legal fiction on which Slavery is based.

MR. CALHOUN.

The subject of dissolution is one upon which it is hardly safe to venture too far. Thin ice near the shore will sustain us, but gives way at a step further out, and over deeper water. In a fearfully short time from the period of rupture, the South would be a Black Republic. We should be obliged to strain the chord so tightly that it would snap. At present the piety and respectability of the North is the wet blanket which keeps our roof from taking fire. Remove that, and how long should we be safe under the shower of sparks from all parts of the civilized world? An alliance with France now would be out of the question. An alliance with England will soon be so. At present there is a natural sympathy between her and the South. We are the two purest aristocracies on the face of the earth. But in ten years England must be freer than we are now, or she will be only a heap of smoking and chaotic fragments. Observe how her journals exult because 150,000 shopkeepers were frightened into special constables by being made to believe that Charter meant universal breaking of plate-glass, and pillage. The middle class of England is her most dangerous population. Were I an English aristocrat, it would be the ignorance of this class that I should fear. Their brains have fattened with prosperity. It is the unyieldingness of the stratum next above the lowest which ensures violence to the explosion. It is to the movements of the Chartists that I look for an augury of the future. It is the fasting operative, in his lonely and arid desert, who is possessed with the unconscious spirit of prophecy. It is he who has his visions, and Sinais, and tables of a new law. What will all the cold water which the middle class can throw with their little fire-engine, avail against the outbreak of a volcano?

MR. CASS.

If becomes our unfortunate necessity to assume an appearance of sympathy with these wretched movements abroad, in order to divert attention from what might seem to the disordered vision of a false sentimentality, to demand our sympathy at home. I will not speak of the ties engendered by manufactories, for I own no stock. But, in my opinion, it is on the religious sentiment of the North that your cherished domestic institution rests most secure.

MR. CALHOUN.

Yes. Men will never give up Revelation, least of all those parts of it which flatter their prejudices, and excuse their derelictions of duty. Piety is as cheap as irreligion, and vastly more profitable. In a more simple age, we might have procured a revelation exactly suited to our circumstances and wants, as our friend Mr. Foote says in his graces before meat. The printing-press has destroyed all hope of another Mahomet. Since it is too late in the day for that, we must make the most of such as we have. The fanatics, it is true, bring the New Testament against us. But it is with revelations as with wine, the older is the better, if kept in a dark place, and a few cobwebs about it do no harm. The unfilial Ham is a tower of strength to us. There is no easier way of making people self-satisfied in the injustices they are guilty of, than to assure them that they are fulfilling the prophecies.

MR. CASS.

A text in the Old Testament is worth more than all the violence which was exhibited in both houses of Congress. It is unexpensive also. There is a Society (of which I am a member,) which distributes the Good Book *gratis*; and we see to it that it is moderately and judiciously expounded.

MR. CALHOUN.

The violence you allude to, was not without its useful results. I never act without an object, or at least I have persuaded people that I do not, which is the same thing. On this occasion I had an end in view, and I gained it. I was violent just in proportion as I saw hope of concession from the other side. Mr. John P. Hale's acknowledgment that he thought the act of the three kidnappers, now in jail, a wrong one, gained us vastly more than we could lose by any amount of angry declamation.

MR FOOTE.

I cannot help thinking of the poor widow and her intended thank-offering. My heart bleeds for her.

J. R. L.

The following extract of a letter from Washington we find in the Boston Courier. It is written, we presume, from the signature, by Dr. Howe, who has recently been in Washington, on behalf of the Committee to make arrangements for the trial of the martyrs Sayres, Drayton, &c.:—

[Extract of a Letter from Washington.]

Visit to the Prison. * * * In this gathering place of the knowing men and great rogues of the land, there was one person whom I was most desirous of seeing and rendering honour to, and whom I first sought. And where do you think I sought him? In the White House—in the Senate—in the Speaker's chair? No! But in the Prison,—locked up alone in a gloomy dungeon, that had no window, or chair, or bed,—that offered him only its stone walls to lean against when weary, and its stone floor to lie down upon when he sought sleep.

It was only with much trouble and difficulty, and with the aid of men who are held in fear by the "powers that be," that I was allowed to visit him. I stood at the door of his cell, into the darkness of which the eye could not see clearly; and when he came forward, I thrust my hand through the grating and grasped his, with more heartiness and warmth than I could have taken that of President or Secretary; for I felt that, gloomy as was his prison-house and fearful as was his future, I should rather have done the deed that gained for him his present place, than some of those which gained for them theirs.

You know, of course, whom I mean,—Drayton, the chief actor in the late noble and daring attempt to free four-score human beings from Slavery and degradation. He seems made for a soldier in such a cause: a bold, stern, determined man, ready to do battle unto the death in the cause of right. He has in him much of the stuff of which martyrs are made, and he will, I trust, bear unflinchingly to the end, all the moral and bodily suffering which he is doomed to endure. He is in the fullness of manhood,—a tall, stalwart fellow, whose strongly-marked features and *steady* eye denote character and courage, and whose open and ingenuous countenance inspires confidence and respect. He will have need, I fear, of all his vigor of body, and all his strength of mind, to bear up against the cruel treatment which has already begun, and which may last until his frame, now so vigorous and erect, is bowed down with age, and his eye, now so clear and stern, is dimmed with the shadows of death.

He is aware of his position and his danger; indeed, he was well aware of the risk he run, and counted the cost before he set out upon his enterprise, and provided for his family in case of his capture. He is now in the iron grip of the law, made by slaveholders themselves to protect what they call their *property* in the bodies and souls of human beings, and made as sharp and as strong as the wit of wicked men could make it. The law, too, is administered with a cruelty that is revolting.

The man has been been kept, till now, *all secret*, as it is called by the few European Governments which still preserve this relic of inquisitorial treatment. He is considered guilty—he is virtually refused bail—he is cut off from communion or correspondence with his friends—he is put to the tortures of solitude and suspense—he is treated in short, worse than would be a felon or murderer. And all this cruelty—where and for what?—Why, in the Capital and under the flag of that people, whose shibboleth is "*liberty*," whose creed is the right of every man to the pursuit of happiness; and for the crime of helping to pronounce that shibboleth and live by that creed!

The excitement among the slaveholders is still intense,—their wrath is still hot, and they mean to make Drayton drag out a life of misery, and be a living beacon to deter others attempting to knock off the shackles of their slaves. The punishment for *stealing* a slave, with a view of selling him, is imprisonment for from seven to twenty years, at hard labour; for taking him with a view of setting him at liberty, it is payment of his *market value*, a fine of two hundred dollars, and imprisonment in the jail.

With a refinement of cruelty, they mean to try to convict Drayton of the crime of stealing slaves for his own gain; and, lest he might live twenty years, and then go out a gray-headed man from his prison, they mean to bring an indictment for each slave whom he tried to carry off.

Failing in the attempt to convict him of the first offence, they mean to convict him of the second; and in the one way or the other, to glut their vengeance upon him.

He is aware of his position and his danger; but he quails not, and he said to me, in hearing of his turnkey, and in a firm but quiet tone,—"I know I have broken the laws which men have enacted for this particular spot of earth, but I have transgressed none of the laws which God made for all places and all times:" to which I said, with all the earnestness I could give it,—"Hold on to that thought, my friend, and it shall be to you an anchor both sure and steadfast in the fiercest storm that can ever sweep over you."

It is useless to tell you what were the feelings which swelled in my bosom as I looked upon the walls and bars of this prison; how I choked with the effort to put them down; and how hard it was to remember a resolution that, though force and violence could right the wrong, it should never again be resoted to!—But courage and hope! A better day is coming; already do it dawns; and, should Drayton be condemned, he will not be an old man ere it reaches it meridian splendor; and before its light his prison doors shall open as did those of the apostle before the messenger of God!

Let us *labour* and *wait!*

H.

Slaveholding Cunning.—The Alexandrian Gazette, says "that the Executive of Virginia has issued a requisition upon the Chief Judge of the United States Circuit Court for the county of Washington, in the District of Columbia, for the delivery to the Sheriff of Alexandria county, (Va.) of the three men now confined in the jail of Washington county, charged with recent abduction of certain slaves. The requisition is made upon the ground that some of the slaves were carried off from, and were owned by the citizens of, this Commonwealth. The Sheriff proceeded yesterday to make the demand upon Judge Cranch." The object of this is no doubt, that the trial of Captain Sayres and his comrades shall be had in a safer place than the District of Columbia. The result of the requisition we have not yet learned.

Reports of the City Press.—Some of our readers we learn, have understood our selecting, for the Standard, various reports of the speeches at the Annual Meeting, as an endorsement of their correctness. Such is not the fact. We make the selections simply, without regard to the character of the extracts, that we may show the spirit of the press. The meetings have, this year, been much less caricatured, and more faithfully reported, than usual. In several cases, however, the reporters have entirely misunderstood the drift of the speaker,—as, for example, in the report in the Herald of the remarks of Samuel May, Jr. There are others equally bad, though they are fewer than usual, but we wish it understood that we make the extracts to show the character of the New York press, and not the character of the meetings.

Subscribers in Massachusetts.—The subscribers to the Standard in Massachusetts who may be present at the New England Convention, will find that a good opportunity to pay their subscription, either at the office, 21 Cornhill, or our agent, Samuel Brooke. Mr. Brooke is authorized to take the names of new subscribers, and will make that his special business at the Convention. If each subscriber would procure one new name to add to his list, it would make a material addition to our funds.

The National Convention of the Democratic party is in session this week at Baltimore, to make its Presidential nomination. They will probably begin by excluding the delegation of Barnburners, or Wilmot Proviso men of this State. The Committee on the subject have reported to that effect.

Notes on New Books.

The Edinburgh Review. April, 1848. *Leonard Scott & Co. Fulton street.*

No one can read the article in this number of the Edinburgh Review, upon "The French Republicans," without instruction, whether they agree to the political philosophy of the writer or not. It is a valuable history of that party in France for the last sixteen years, with, at the same time, an account, so far as is necessary to make the narration intelligible, of other parties, during the same period. The causes which have brought about the recent revolution are clearly set forth, and that event shown to be, not so much a sudden accident, as an almost inevitable consequence of the position of the political parties.

A review of Cottle's Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey, the Memoir of Wm. Taylor, and Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, is a somewhat brief, but interesting biography of the two distinguished poets, more favourable, however, to the character of Southey, and less so to that of Coleridge, than will please all who are the admirers even of both.

"Modern Quakerism," a review of the Life of Wm. Allen, and the Memoirs of Elizabeth Fry, contain many important truths which we wish might be read and heeded by Friends, though doubtless many of them would think that a writer is not worth heeding who could so scandalize the Society, as to call—though evidently without any malice aforethought—that eminent Quaker preacher, Wm. Savery, a pastor. The article, nevertheless, contains many valuable strictures upon the early testimonies and *modern forms* of Friends, at the same time that it does full justice to their noble and self-denying efforts in behalf of all moral enterprises.

Among the other papers of this number, which will attract the general readers, are an account of the associations of "Deaconesses, or Protestant Sisterhoods," for charitable purposes,—the care of the sick among the poor, and the education of their children—which are becoming common on the continent of Europe; "The Proscribed races of France and Spain;" "Leslie's Life of Constable;" &c. &c.

Blackwood's Edinburg Magazine. May 1848. *Leonard Scott, & Co. Fulton street.*

Messrs. Scott & Co. are, as us

Blackwood. Like the last number, it contains two articles upon the French Revolution; or, more properly, one, a lachrymary letter from Paris—containing some lively sketches nevertheless—painting in dark colours the outward aspect of the Capital of the New Republic; the other, a panic article upon The Revolutions in Europe, the writer of which specially mourns the degeneracy of the age, inasmuch, as in the good old times, to upset a throne cost years of fighting, and rivers of blood, but now the same thing is done in a few hours, at a cost of only a few hundred lives. He hopes, however, for a good time coming, when these things shall not be so easily managed.

The continuation of "Crimes and Remarkable Trials in Scotland," is a most interesting paper, and of great historical value; that upon "Education in Wales," gives some very striking evidence of the ignorance and vice prevalent in that portion of Great Britain; and "The Silver Cross," "The Caxtons," "Man is a Featherless Biped," &c. are all tales worth reading.

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. XXX.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent giveth the Personal Narrative of his journey homeward.—His prejudice in favour of sleep and resemblance to Sancho.—He invidiously compareth the Stonington and Norwich routes with that by Fall River.—The true Triumphs of Temper.—He confesseth his penchant for Point Judith.—But claimeth kindred with her.—Privately admitteth his love for an East wind and a rocking boat.—He trembleth for his popularity and is apprehensive for his usefulness.—The Bay State.—The Old Fulton.—Go-a-headativeness.—Fifty years ago, and now and soon.—The last Dudleian Lecture.—The Lecturer the only Unitarian Slaveholder: Unless the discoverer that God is a Slave-trader.—Moral effect of this appointment.—Dr. Gilman's Slave.—Impiety and Impudence of owning a man for his own good. Dr. Gilman and Mr. Hale.—Only creditable Exodus from Sodam.—Account of the Dudleian Lecture.—A Romish heresy.—Bishop Fenwick and his Slaves.—Presidential Nominations.—General indifference and why.—Massachusetts Whigs, Mr. Webster and Taylor.—The Correspondent prophesieth facile deglutition.—Some people's luck.—General Taylor's in particular.—True History of the man who walked into the Council Chamber upon a broken leg.—&c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, MAY 21st, 1848.

After the adjournment of our prosperous meeting in your city on Thursday, I took the Fall River line for Boston and arrived to breakfast the next morning. It is the great advantage of this route that those who, like me, cling to the prejudice of a good night's rest, and like Sancho bless the memory of the man who invented sleep, for that it wraps a man up like a blanket, is, that one is not roused from troubled slumbers at half past twelve, and at one o'clock tumbled into the Stonington or the Norwich cars, as the case may be, and jolted along, dolorous and malcontent, through the chilly damps of the night surrounded by companions in various stages of stupidity and crossness. Certainly, if there be a test of good temper one of these midnight flittings is it! He or she, that can stand it may dispute with Serena the palm of the Triumphs of Temper.

Some people object to Point Judith. But for my part I am fond of her. Besides my personal grounds of partiality, which I believe I told you of, (a great grandame of mine, of some-half dozen removes, having been her god-mother,) I consider the rocking with which she indulges those who enjoy her hospitalities as positively agreeable. An east wind and the motion of a steamer in a rough sea are two of my pet sensations. But I beg you to understand that this is communicated in strict confidence. For the mention of these predilections of mine are generally looked upon by those who hear it in the light of an insult largely mingled with injury. I am apprehensive the general knowledge of these tastes might impair that popularity I now enjoy, and thereby have a tendency to injure my usefulness.

The steamer Bay State is a noble vessel, of luxurious accommodations, well conducted and appointed in all respects, as far as my observation went. I could not help thinking of the day when the poor old Fulton was thought no small beer of, and people used to boast of the improvement she made in travelling, though she would not be tolerated at any ferry in the country, now. And a great improvement she was, to be sure. It was a great gain to make the journey from Boston to New-York in twenty six or seven hours. Fifty years ago, it took from early on Monday morning till late on Saturday night, the stage-coach lying by only three or four hours at night. Last week the transit was made, by way of Springfield and New Haven, in *nine hours!* And when the New Haven and New-York Railway is opened, it is said a line will run regularly in that time or less—some say in seven and a half hours. If something like this be really done, it must postpone indefinitely the Air-line route, of which there has been much talk in these parts, and which was to bring New-York within some six hours of Boston.—For, I apprehend, even American impatience would hardly spend three or four millions of dollars to save an hour and a half's travel.

You asked me to make some inquiries when I went home touching the last Dudleian Lecture at Cambridge. It was preached, as you had heard, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Gilman, of Charleston, S. C.—I believe the only slaveholder among the Unitarian clergy;—unless, indeed, the Rev. Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans, who once proved to the satisfaction of his congregation, from the Bible, that the Almighty was a Slavedealer, the great exemplar of Hope H. Slaughter & Co. may have also taken this step towards a Divine Life. It is to be hoped that the trustees of that lectureship made it a condition of their proffer of this compliment, that he should first emancipate his slave, so that he might come upon the "Cambridge Platform," with clean hands. For it is hardly to be supposed that they would have extended such an invitation to a Charleston minister, without ascertaining the facts of his relation to the slave system.

The trustees of the lectureship are the President of the University, the Hollisian Professor of Divinity, the Senior Tutor, and the pastors of the First Church in Cambridge, (Rev. William Newell,) and of the First Church in Roxbury, (Rev. Dr. George Putnam). These gentlemen, of course, stand before the world in the very highest places of the Unitarian Denomination, and their action must necessarily be regarded by the world as an authentic exposition of the Unitarian Idea on points of Practical Morality, as well as of Speculative Belief. Especially, if no remonstrance or rebuke preceded or followed the selection of a man claiming lawful ownership of his equal man, to perform this Annual Service before the oldest University in the country. If any such remonstrance or rebuke has been uttered, it has not reached my ears; and, certainly has not proceeded from the leading influences either of the Unitarian Pulpit or Press. Such a Fact as this neutralizes the effect of a hundred Protests. It gives confirmation strong to the assertion that the "Protest" did not express the opinions of the Weight of the Denomination. If it did, the appointment was a grave insult offered to that Body, and should be resented as such. Was there no Unitarian Minister for this work, but the only one who practically embodies in his daily life "the wild and guilty fallacy that man can hold property in man?"*

It is true that it is said that Dr. Gilman bought his slave from motives of humanity, and holds him solely for his good, intending at a convenient season to send him to the North, and make him free. Unhappy wretch, whose contingent remainder in his own soul and body depends on the life, the caprice, and the *solvency* of another! Poor Ambrose, whom the bankruptcy of Dr. Ely consigned to the tender mercies of a sugar plantation, might tell us, if his five years expectation of life could have lasted until now, of the felicity of a slave held by a Doctor in Divinity, for his own good. A man, born of a woman, whose breath is in his nostrils, pretending to own another man! And for his own good, too! Not all the insolent vapouring of Calhoun, nor all the sophistries of Clay give such aid and comfort to the slaveholding heart, as such pious and humane doctrine as this. It is hard to say which is the more monstrous, its Impiety or its Impudence.

Dr. Gilman is now, or was very lately, supplying the pulpit of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Worcester, who, in his turn, has been filling the Doctor's desk at Charleston. I hope that as soon as the fact is known in Worcester that a slaveholder has been ministering to them in holy things, that Mr. Hale's Society will bear a testimony which will terminate such ministration at once, if its term have not expired, or prevent such an occurrence in future, if it have. And it would be satisfactory to hear that Mr. Hale had so fulfilled his mission at Charleston as to be driven away in honourable disgrace, like Mr. Simmons from Mobile, and Mr. Motte from Savannah. An Hegira which, one would think, must needs be the seal of every true Prophet's mission who ventures into those barbarous regions. Flight, indeed, seems to be the only creditable Exodus for an honest man from out of the Slaveholding Sodoms and Gomorrahs of the South.

The Dudleian Lecture is an Annual Sermon founded about the middle of the last century by Paul Dudley, a son of Governor Joseph Dudley, of Massachusetts Bay, himself Attorney and Chief Justice of that Province, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He has preserved the memory of his name at a very moderate expense. The whole capital left was One Hundred Pounds, for the interest of which he is kept in yearly remembrance. The story used to be when I was in College, that the guerdon of the lecturer was a suit of clothes and twenty dollars in money. It is not much at any rate; but the appointment is looked upon as an especial compliment, and, withal, it is always considered good for a Doctorate in Divinity. The subjects are prescribed by the Founder's Will, and are, 1. Natural Religion: 2. Revealed Religion: 3. "The Idolatry, errors, and superstitions of the Romish Church;" 4. the validity of Congregational Ordination." These topics are treated of in turn, in this order.

And *apropos* to "the idolatry, errors, and superstitions of the Romish Church," I would commend to the imitation of Dr. Gilman, and of all other Protestant Slaveholding Divines, the example of the late eminent prelate who filled the Episcopal Throne of this city, the Rt. Rev. Benedict Fenwick. This dignitary was a native of Maryland and of a slaveholding family. Some five and twenty years ago a number of slaves fell to his share by inheritance; but he held them no longer than was necessary to execute the deeds of manumission. If this be one of the fruits of the Holy Apostolic Church, I, for one, am not alarmed at its progress. If this be a specimen of its "idolatries, errors and superstitions," the sooner the land is full of them the better. This statement I had from the lips of the distinguished successor of Bishop Fenwick, the Right Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick.

The newspapers, here, as well as elsewhere, are trying to get up an interest in the Presidential nominations. But the progress of events has made the mass of men supremely indifferent as to the result. Excepting the expectant Collectors and Postmasters, no one seems to care which way the cat may jump—for it is sure to be a political grimalkin that will scratch our faces, at any rate. *Curiosity* people feel, no doubt; but mighty little *interest*. We have learnt at last that we have not even the choice between King Log and King Stork; but that it will be King Stork, in either event, for us. Polk or Tyler, Cass or Scott, Woodbury or Clay, may be King, but Slavery will still be "Viceroy over him." It matters little whether Dagobert or Childerbert be the *roi faindant* as long as the slave power is the mayor of the palace.

The Massachusetts Whigs are in a rather bad box in consequence of their nomination of Mr. Webster, and of all they have said against General Taylor, The Atlas is trying to get them into life again, to go for the Convention candidate, whom it evidently foresees will be Taylor. Some of the Massachusetts Whig delegates will refuse to vote for any Slavery candidate; but, I apprehend, after throwing away a ballot or so upon Webster, the majority will fall in with the course of the Convention. And the mass of the party will go with them. It will be but eating a few more words, and gulping down a few more resolutions. And, bless you, that they'll do as readily as Ancient Pistol ate the leek at the suggestion of Fluellen. They may "swear," but "eke they'll eat."

General Taylor, if he should be the Whig candidate, (which is likely,) and still more, if he should be elected, (which is unlikely,) is certainly an instance of a man born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Who ever heard of General Taylor ten years ago? People say, now, that he was very famous in the Florida war; but who ever heard anything of the Florida war while it was carrying on, excepting indeed, the episode of the bloodhounds? A lady, the widow of a distinguished officer of about General Taylor's standing, but in a different department, (the artillery,) assured me, not long since, that though she was in the army for more than twenty years, she had never heard of the existence of such an officer as General Taylor, until the Mexican war began. And now because his command happened to lie farthest South at the time the war was begun, he is to be "our President!"

It reminds me of a worthy farmer who was made an Executive Counsellor in this State, on account of having broken his leg. He fell from a tree and broke his leg, and the compassion of the town being excited in his behalf, they generously chose him Representative, so that the State might pay him two dollars *per diem*, on their account. A very economical arrangement, and doubtless a wise one enough, for it is not likely he was more *lame* than most of his fellow-legislators. But the next year the nominating caucus was in search of a candidate for Counsellor, and the part of the county in which our friend lived being entitled to a choice, and not knowing any one thereabouts, they turned to the list of representatives for the last year, and finding his name, and knowing as little of him as the Whigs do of General Taylor, they thought he must answer; and I never heard that he did not. Lo, to his great surprise, he found one morning that he had tumbled from an apple-tree into the Council Chamber, and was advising and consenting with His Excellency in virtue of having broken his leg! D. Y.

* Lord Brougham.

Foreign Correspondence.

Letter from Dublin.

A query as to American juveniles.—Probable expectation of infant tourists.—Congratulatory Chucklings of elderly babies.—Sensible conclusion of the subject of a Monarchy.—Expectations of Ireland.—"Great cry and little wool."—Pikes—how they taste.—The real state of the Repeal question.—Character of the Repealers.—Probable result of Repeal.—John of Tuam and the Inquisition.—What is needed.—License of the Press.—New Act of Parliament.—Unpleasant predicament for patriotic editors.—Proposed reforms.—More smoke than fire.—Mr. and Mrs. Guelph.—Aristocracy in Europe, and America.—A Lesson for America.—Selling out a Duke—Conclusions drawn therefrom.—Absurdity of America—Welch and Scotchmen.—Massachusetts Annual Report.—The Correspondent's approval.—A dark hint of evil.

DUBLIN, April 28, 1847.

MY DEAR GAY: I have often been told that there are no children in the United States: that all the juveniles, with that wonderful tendency to go ahead, which distinguishes you above all other people, immediately sprout up into young men and women. Now this may be a mistake or a libel—and if it be, as I hope it is—and if any American children should come over to the Old World during the present crisis, they will most naturally look out when they first come in sight of land, for "crumbling thrones and falling dynasties." The New York papers you sent me lately, and some others I have seen, are full of these things. The chuckling and glorification occasioned within your borders by the recent events in Europe must tend exceedingly to keep your free and enlightened citizens in good health and spirits, accompanied as they are by a firm faith that all these things have been enacted in a spirit of emulation of your high position, and in the humble hope of faintly imitating your own glorious institutions. I confess I cannot join in this hope. Since some of your famous men have declared that "Slavery is the corner stone of your republican edifice," and that no where is there such a keen appreciation of the blessings of liberty, or such a chivalrous determination to defend it, as where Slavery exists in its palmiest state, and where the main object of Church and State, and the dearest aspirations of all the citizens, is to maintain it in all its vigour,—I say, this being the fact in your free and happy republic, and the foundation stone of true republicanism being absolutely wanting in those European monarchies which have made some attempts at regeneration, I cannot feel so confident in the hope of seeing all the dynasties coming down about our heads, and all the thrones dissolving into impalpable powder. If it be necessary, in order to our securing your measure of blessings, that we should also have a substratum of curses as hearty and as well deserved as those which underlie the United States Constitution, I am free to confess I had much rather remain as we are.

On the arrival of the news of the French revolution, and all the other revolutions, on your side of the Atlantic, your eyes were naturally turned towards Ireland, in the expectation of the immediate proclamation of a Republic here. Considering the vast emigration of the poorer Irish into your country, the past history of our country, and the vast fund of national hostility which unfortunately prevails in the United States towards England, this was a most natural expectation. But I do not see much probability of its speedy fulfilment. If talk could have accomplished it, we should have had a Republic a month ago. We have had an intolerable quantity of blustering, swagger, bravado, on the part of our newspaper patriots, but an infinitesimal amount of action in any degree commensurate with their high swelling words of vanity. The people, it is said, have been preparing their pikes, and have privately practised rifle shooting for the future inconvenience of her Majesty's troops. The only pike I saw was one made of some kind of lollypop. It was beautifully painted blue, red, and green, in stripes like a barber's pole. It tasted very sweet, and cost three pence at a shop where heaps lay in the window, labelled with the ominous words, *Now or Never*. If this be a true motto for the breaking forth of our insurrection, we have certainly chosen the "never," for our side of the alternative—for the "now" has gone by long ago.

Ireland is garrisoned with a larger army than at any former time; the Government is prepared at all points; and at no former time, I firmly believe, did a more determined resolution exist on the part of so large a portion of the nation to maintain our connection with England. We have no materials for a Republic in Ireland. Our population is, say eight millions. Two millions of them are not Roman Catholics, and this minority includes the vast majority of the property, intelligence, and influence of the country. Ninety-nine hundredths of these two millions are heart and hand for the Union with England:—So are nine-tenths of that portion of the remaining six millions who are educated, and who have anything to lose. I have no doubt that if the nation were polled, a majority would be found in favour of a Repeal of the Union, of an Irish Republic, or of any political change, without much regard to its political bearings, because they would consider that whatever might turn up they could not be much worse off than they are. But this majority, with the exception of their priests, to whom they are in general fanatically devoted, have no leaders of sagacity and intelligence. The firebrand editors are a parcel of unscrupulous young men who, if not swelled with ambition and vanity, have turned their own heads by brooding over the early liberty of Ireland, instead of labouring for her future welfare, and her moral and social regeneration.

If, at the time of your Revolution, the majority of the colonists had been as poor, as ignorant, as excitable, and as priestridden as the great majority of the people of Ireland at the present day—if they had had no Franklin, or Washington, or Adams, or Jefferson, to guide their councils and lead their armies, it is the most unlikely thing in the world they could have achieved their independence, which, after all, was the fruit of a tremendous outlay of money, blood, and tears. The colonists were comparatively as one man. This is as far as possible from being the case with Ireland. The republic, or the repeal of the union, which the poorest, the most ignorant, although the most numerous, portion of our population might look to with hope of better days for them, would be rejected with horror by the minority, as the forerunner of a general scramble, of religious persecution, and a dissolution of all the bonds of society. I confidently believe that if England were to withdraw from Ireland without a struggle, and saving us the infliction of a revolutionary war, were quietly to leave us to ourselves, the condition of this island would, in the course of three months, be infinitely worse than it is at present. A civil war would immediately break out, between the peasantry and the poor on the one hand—and on the other, the compact, wealthy, educated minority, anxious to obtain a restoration of the English connection. This would be succeeded by a reclamation of the estates, forfeited hundreds of years ago in the civil broils of Ireland, by the absolute ascendancy of Popery, and by a state of things far worse than that of any other civilized country. Much as I abhor the legislation of the Polar Nero, I would rather live in Petersburgh, than in Dublin on the condition of the establishment of an Irish Republic, and the dictatorship of John of Tuam. You may laugh, but I confess to a hearty horror of the Inquisition, and of all the admirers of Saint Dominic. Owing to the political persecution endured by the religion of the Irish people in former times, and the foolish and wicked attempts made to force them to change their faith, the natural result was that they clung to it the closer, so that Inglis, an able and intelligent Scotchman, who travelled in many parts of Europe, and published his travels in Ireland, about fifteen years ago, declares that he did not believe there was any country in Europe so ripe for the establishment of the Inquisition.

Ireland does not want political so much as social regeneration. In no country is there greater political liberty, unless I except the Northern States of your Union. The license of the press in Ireland within the last two months is proof of this; and it has never been exceeded, if it has been equalled, at any former time in any country.—If such undisguised attempts to excite the populace to bloodshed and civil war had been made in America, I believe the guilty parties would have been lynched if the law did not assert itself. An act of Parliament has just been passed which makes the exciting to treason against the Queen, by writing or advised speaking, or inviting foreigners to invade the country for the purpose of deposing the Queen, a felony, punishable with transportation. This is what many of our agitators have been doing within the last two months. How they will act now, in the face of the hulks and a voyage to the antipodes, remains to be seen.

I do not despair, by the extension of sound views of political economy, by the gradual removal of those vile enactments (chiefly of the old Irish Parliament) which prevent free trade in land, the cultivation of the soil, and the employment of labour, and by the promulgation of enlightened views of their own interests among all classes, to see Ireland rise from the troubles which have almost overwhelmed her. When we consider that the Potatoe Rot cost her thirty millions of pounds sterling worth of food, and that all the sympathy our poor people experienced from all parts of the civilized world, has not supplied more than a third of this enormous loss, it is no wonder that one of the poorest, and (owing to past misgovernment) one of the least provident people in Europe, have suffered tremendously; or that the reckless, interested, or dishonest agitators, both lay and clerical, have had the ball at their feet, and have been able to persuade their miserable dupes that bloodshed and revolution could give them that abundance and prosperity which no Government can give, and which must be the result of more enlightened views, greater energy and industry, and the cordial co-operation and true patriotism of all classes of society.

But to come to facts. Notwithstanding all the sputter made by the Repeal journals, and all their threats, swagger, and smoke, we have had absolutely no fire. The Government has been amply warned, and they have taken precautions commensurate with the danger to be apprehended from such an outrageous quantity of gasconade. Not a cut finger has yet appeared as the preliminary bloodshed of the Irish rebellion of 1848. If you were in Dublin you would be amazed to see us all pursuing our business or our pleasure, and killing our time so peaceably. You would look in vain for "crumbling thrones or falling dynasties." The New York Sun is most hospitably ready to grant an asylum to Mr. Albert and Mrs. Victoria Guelph,—who should feel grateful; but as far as we can read the signs of the times, they are not likely to take an early opportunity of accepting the invitation. To-day's paper brings the news that the Sicilians have finally shaken off the yoke of the Bourbons, and have resolved to elect an Italian prince instead. So here you see a people who have crumbled one throne, and are about to set up another dynasty. Perhaps they do not think themselves virtuous enough yet for a Republic, or may be they are sensible that they have not got the indispensable "corner stone." A Republic may be the best, but it is not the most feasible form of government. We all know that even your own is not really a Republic; the motive-power of all your effective political action being a slaveholding oligarchy, who lull the people into a dozy state, and then pick their pockets. Our aristocracy are bad enough, but they have the prestige of centuries on their side; they are not unredeemably mean, underhand, and hypocritical, like your oppressors.

The true lesson to be learned by America from the history of the connection of Great Britain and Ireland is that honesty is the best policy, and that however successful invasion, robbery, and tyranny, may be for a time, they are sure, in the lapse of ages, to bring down a heavy retribution on the head of the oppressor. England is now full of good intentions towards Ireland, and anxious to repair for past injustice; but the evils that afflict us have become so complicated that this is a matter of extreme difficulty, sufficient to baffle the wisest heads and the most benevolent experiments. As a proof of the confidence that exists in the stability of the present state of things—notwithstanding the alarm occasioned by the recent newspaper demonstrations—I may mention that the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, who, like many other English noblemen, has held large estates in Ireland, has lately failed for something like ten millions of dollars, and that his Irish estates have just been brought to the hammer in Dublin. Instead of being sold in one or two large lots, they are put up in parcels producing from £60 to £500 a year, and are producing from twenty to twenty five years purchases;—for example: an estate selling for £1,000, will produce about £50 a year to the purchaser. This could not be the case if Repeal and a Republic were looked on as proximate realities.

In some of the speeches delivered in the New York glorification meetings, I was greatly amused to find a Welshman lamenting over the lost independence of the principality, and that Scotland was spoken of as longing to break her chains. Why, my dear fellow, I would as soon have thought of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard talking of shaking off the yoke of Massachusetts, or the Isle of Wight raising the standard of revolt. I always supposed that Scotland and Wales were at least as contented portions of the empire as Middlesex or Yorkshire. If matters go on in this way we shall speedily witness the consummation that Canning spoke of some years ago as the wildest project that could enter into the head of a political dreamer. "What!" said he, "repeal the Union! Restore the Heptarchy!" When the Isle of Man, Anglesea, the islands on our west coast, (some of whose wild inhabitants enjoy the largest liberty already, as pirates and wreckers,) the channel islands, Scotland, Ireland, and the several sections of England have each proclaimed a free and independent Republic—then the writer in the American Sun may truly say:—"How glorious amid these scenes shines out the actions of the citizens and representatives of the United States—the model which the inhabitants of the Old World desire to adopt."

The box of the Reports of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society came to hand, and its contents have been distributed according to directions. I like this Report exceedingly. The concluding portion is especially admirable. It is marked by that adherence to principle, that keen discernment of truth, that love of justice, and that *sæva indignatio* which distinguish the true Abolitionists as men and women of whom the country will be proud when she comes (if she ever comes) to her senses. For my part I have no higher ambition than to be identified with such as these. The reading of such sentiments, so forcibly and so nobly expressed, makes the breast heave and the eyes fill. You *feel* that there is still hopes for humanity—and that no matter how men may fail, "the truth will assuredly yet reign over all."

I am glad you are about to have James Russell Lowell for a coadjutor. He would be no poet if he were not on the side of Justice, Truth, and Liberty. Some time ago I saw a letter from a most intelligent and benevolent Irishman who has been settled many years in one of your great cities. He speaks of the Abolitionists as impediments in the path of Freedom, and declares that he can not, "for the life of him," comprehend their conduct; since, to his certain knowledge, the slaves of the South are infinitely better off than many of the Irish peasantry. And I, "for the life of me," cannot comprehend how an intelligent, accomplished, benevolent Irishman, can talk so. There can be no doubt that many of the Irish peasantry are much more miserably clad and fed than many Southern slaves—but I do not believe there is one of them who would change conditions with the slaves on the intelligent understanding, that he was henceforth to be regarded as a chattel, and that he and his family were to be liable to the same contingencies as the beasts of the field. The two conditions admit of no comparison, and the existence of the one is no apology for the other. The unhappy position of the Irish peasant must be ameliorated. The curse of Slavery must be swept away, or England and America will suffer a just retribution for their crimes. Nobody here defends the poverty and misery of our poor by quoting texts of Scripture to justify them. No man's liberty is in danger in any part of the country—nor is any one liable to be lynched if he portray the evil in ever such frightful colours, and recommend any remedy short of bloodshed and anarchy. Two wrongs can never make one right—and I cannot, "for the life of me," see why the United States should tie a mill-stone round her neck, because John Bull has been such a fool for the last 600 years as to prepare a particularly cumbrous one for his own particular sinking. This thing of doing a more foolish act because your father has been especially absurd and short-sighted, is what no sensible man should recommend. There is nothing more common than for numbers, with apparent impunity as to character, deliberately to advise the perpetration of an atrocious, silly, or ridiculous course of conduct, which would destroy the character of any individual, if he were to sanction it for a moment.

Since I laid down my pen, a friend of mine, one of your knowing fellows, who is up to every thing, who always has ears open, and who has access to sources of information, that you or I could never approach, tells me that many thousands of the disaffected are nightly under arms in Dublin, and that Government is continually on the alert. There are 12,000 troops now in and near this city. Certainly, if such formidable preparations are in course, they are very quietly carried on. There is nothing peculiar in the bearing of the people, no remarkable appearance of strangers in the streets. But there is no knowing but the next you may hear from me will be of the outbreak of a bloody and cruel rebellion, and civil war. If it break out, it will most certainly be promptly and effectually suppressed. But meanwhile, the most dreadful misery will be produced. The paupers in the poor houses, and those who depend upon out-door relief, will be immediately deprived of their means of support,—and we shall have all the accumulated miseries of famine, war, and slaughter, to contend with together. Those who look out eagerly for an insurrection in Ireland, and offer us $100,000 to purchase brass cannon, have little idea of the awful depth of misery into which such an insane course would plunge our poor people.

I remain yours, truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

To Correspondents.

T. P. N. We return his lines, as requested.

S. G. A. The papers will be sent for a year, as he directs.

A. F. W. A package at 21.

To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard:

SIR:—In the Secretaries Report of the Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, I find that it is stated that Mr. Evans disclaimed the remarks of Mr. West as a proper representation of the views of the National Reformers. This is not true. Mr. Evans simply disclaimed that portion of my remarks which related to the representative system of Legislation, a subject upon which National Reformers are nearly equally divided, and which will, I hope, receive the condemnation of the next Industrial Congress. The last Congress rejected a resolution to dispense with any resort to the Representative system as a means of promoting Land Reform, by only one vote. Upon the comparative evils of chattel and wages-slavery, as well as upon the tendency of Land Limitation to abolish *all* Slavery, National reformers do not differ. Very respectfully,

WILLIAM WEST.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: Lines, &c. *Miscellany*: The Mother; Art, Passion, and Madness; The Princess Belgioso; Grief without Hope; Woman's Cares; State of France; International Copyright; The First Steamboat; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections*: Letter to Rev. Henry Slicer, Chaplain U. S. Senate; Antislavery Fanaticism; American A. S. Society American and Foreign A. S. Society. *Standard*: Speech of Mr. Phillips.

THEODORE PARKER'S SPEECH.—We regret that we have not yet received a copy of Mr. Parker's speech, but we hope to lay it before our readers next week.

☞ The initials J. R. L. were accidentally omitted to "The Parable," in the last Standard.

Married.

In Boston, JOHN BANVARD, proprietor of the Panorama of the Mississippi River, to Miss ELIZA S. GOODNOW.

Died.

At his residence, near Camden, Kent county, Delaware, WARNER MIFFLIN, aged 70 years.

On the 18th instant, Rev. ROBERT EMORY, D.D. President of Dickinson College, Carlyle, (Pa.) in the 34th year of his age.

In Palermo, near Alexandria, (Va.) Hon. WILLIAM BRENT, late Charge d'Affaires to Buenos Ayres.

EMILY ELIZABETH, only daughter of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., Knebworth-park, Herts, [England.]

On the 17th May, in the 66th year of his age, HENRY BREVOORT, Esq.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

ONE WEEK LATER FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the Caledonia.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.—OPENING OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.—TREATY OF RUSSIA WITH SWEDEN AND DENMARK.—STATE OF GERMANY—OF ITALY.—RIOT IN LIMERICK.

The Cunard Steamer Cambria arrived at Boston on Sunday, and the Hermann at this port on Monday, with seven days later news. The news they bring from France is especially cheering. That from other parts of the continent is of less interest.

The National Assembly met on the 4th inst. and was organized with most imposing solemnities. An address was delivered by M. Dupont, (de l'Eure,) the President *pro tem.* proclaiming the Republic.

Some disturbances have taken place at Rouen, Amiens, Rochefort, and Marseilles, arising partly from the excitement of the elections, and partly the dissatisfaction of the working-men. Order, however, was promptly restored, and at the latest dates quiet reigns all over France. There are some symptoms, however, of difficulty in Paris between the *people* and the *bourgeoisie*. The Assembly is composed chiefly of the moderate party, and the majorities in the election of Lamartine, and his friends over Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, and their class, were very large.

It was announced that the army of the Alps had entered Savoy, and war between France and Austria is thought very probable.

Prussia—The Cologne Gazette contains a report of a sanguinary conflict between the Prussian troops and the Poles, near Adelnau, but its correctness is doubted.

BADEN.—A letter from Schopfsheim, dated April 27th, says that a battle has taken place near Dassenback, between the Wurtemberg troops and a column of between eight and nine hundred German workmen, arrived from France, under the command of Herwegh, in which the former were victorious. Twenty three insurgents were killed, and two hundred were made prisoners.

POLAND.—On the 25th ultimo, a skirmish took place at Cracow between the populace and the troops, in consequence of the refusal of Government to allow Polish emigrants, not natives of Cracow, to remain in town.—Peace was eventually restored by the voluntary removal of the emigrants.

DENMARK.—A Treaty between Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, has been arranged, and will be ratified in case of an entry of German troops in Schleswig. The Danish troops had retired upon Gravenstein.

ITALY.—The Austrians have been repulsed in an attempt to take possession of the northern point of the Lake of Garda, in Lombardy. The Patria of Florence says that Austria has proposed to Charles Albert to cede Lombardy on condition that the Piedmontese troops should not pass the Mincio, to which Charles Albert replied that he did not undertake the war to conquer some provinces, but to free the Italian soil from the presence of a foreign power.

NAPLES.—The King has declared war against Sicily.

ENGLAND.—The news from England is without special interest, except the increasing good prospects of a new Reform League. The Committee have received the encouragement and adhesion of a large number of most respectable people in the manufacturing towns.

Lord Palmerston said in the House on the 4th, that Russia on the one hand, and the Danes upon the other, have accepted the good offices of Great Britain, with regard to the question of the Danish Duchies, with a view of settling it amicably.

IRELAND.—The accounts from Ireland still show great distress in certain districts. The agitation of the Repealers continues, though their ardour has been somewhat dampened by an event in Limerick. Meagher and Mitchell have been mobbed in that city by the moral power Repealers, because of some offensive reflections made from time to time in the Nation newspaper on Daniel O'Connell by Mr. Mitchell. The effigy of this gentleman was burnt in the street, and he and his friend escaped through the protection of the police and the English soldiery. Smith O'Brien was injured by a blow from a stone, while attempting to address the mob. He has announced his intention of retiring from public life.

NOTICES.

MEETINGS IN THE WEST.

Henry C. Wright, the Apostle of Peace, and Charles C. Burleigh, the eloquent Antislavery Advocate, will hold meetings at the following places, viz: at

Pittsburgh,	Pa.	June	15th, 16th & 17th
New Brighton,	"	"	19th & 20th
Lowellville,	Ohio	"	22d
Youngstown,	"	"	24th & 25th
New Lyme	"	"	27th
Painesville,	"	"	29th
Chagrin Falls,	"	July	1st & 2d
Cleveland,	"	"	4th
Twinsburgh,	"	"	6th
Richfield,	"	"	8th & 9th
Akron,	"	"	11th
Ravenna,	"	"	13th & 14th
Randolph,	"	"	15 & 16th
Massillon,	"	"	18th

The meetings at New Lyme, Cleveland, and Akron, will commence at ten o'clock, A. M.; the others, on the first day of the meetings at two o'clock, P. M. subsequent days at 10 A. M.

The friends of Anti-Slavery and of Peace are requested to make all necessary arrangements for the meetings, and give as wide a notice as possible. Now is the time to agitate

Persons can avail themselves of this opportunity afforded by these meetings to pay for the Anti-Slavery Standard to SAMUEL BROOKE.

Advertisements.

New Goods,

AT THE

FREE PRODUCE STORE,

JUST RECEIVED.

GENERAL REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Fine 4-4 Prints, various, styles.
New styles of Prints of medium quality, usual width.
Fine and wide Paper Muslins. Also Coloured Cambrics.
Cortain Calico. Superior fine Chintz Umbrellas. Oil Cloths.
Satinets, good and cheap. Also on hand, mostly at reduced prices, Ginghams, various qualities and styles.
Fine and heavy Shirting, Sheeting, and Pillow Muslins
Striped Cambrics. Fine 6-4 Plaid Muslin.
Muslin de Lain, plain and neatly figured, all wool.
Linens, warranted free from cotton.
Flannels 4-4 good and price low. Canton flannels, white and coloured.
Table Diaper and Cloths, of different styles.
Apron and Furniture Check. Cotton Handkerchiefs.
Cotton Twilled Pantaloon Stuffs. Also Linen Drilling &c.
Long and Half Hose, fine and heavy.
Knitting Cotton, various Nos. bleached, brown, and coloured.
Wadding, white and coloured Cotton Laps. Also, Refined Loaf, Crushed and Pulverized Sugar.
Brown Sugar, good quality, of various grades.

The whole stock exclusively FREE LABOUR GOODS, to which the subscriber would invite the attention of Country Merchants, as well as his friends and the public generally.

Much pains are taken by the Managers of the Free Produce Association, to assist the subscriber to enlarge the assortment from time to time.

GEORGE W. TAYLOR,
Northwest corner Fifth and Cherry sts.
Philadelphia, 2d mo. 1st, 1848.—1y.*

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at this office, "*The Legion of Liberty, and Force of Truth*," 10th edition.—This work contains about 230 pages of close reading; 300 eminent authorities, and about 60 illustrative engravings. Price 37 1-2 cents, in muslin, and 25 cents, in paper covers. A very liberal discount to those who purchase a number of copies.

Also, the *Condition, Influence, Rights, and Appeal of Women*, from various authors, 12 1-2 cents.

For Sale at this Office

Letter to the People of the United States, touching the Matter of Slavery. By Theodore Parker.—pp. 120. Price, 18 3-4 cents.

Wm. W. Brown's Lecture before the Female A. S. Society of Salem, Mass. Reported by H. M. Parkhurst, Boston. pp. 22. Price 5 cents.

NEW MUSIC.—"There's a Good Time Coming." The above popular Song, also, "He Doeth All Things Well," Mother's Bible, Excelsior, Away Down East, May Queen, Old Granite State, Pauper's Funeral, and Lament of the Prisoner, Bridge of Sighs, Burial of Mrs. Judson, Think Gently of the Erring, (composed by a prisoner,) Get off the Track, Drink from the Mountain Spring, Dear Father Drink no More, Grave of Bonaparte, Spider and the Fly, The Shepherd's Cottage, (with a likeness of Abby J. Hutchinson,) The Seasons, a Farmer's Song, Song of the Shirt, The Watcher, Little Maid, Humbugged Husband, Blind Boy, Anti-Calomel, Will You come to My Mountain Home, Lament of the Irish Emigrant, Hebrew Maiden's Lament, are We Almost There, Blue Juniatti, Indian Hunter, Glide on my Light Canoe, Man the Life Boat. All the songs, quartetts, glees, &c. of the Hutchinson Family, and other popular singers; also a full assortment of marches, waltzes, rondos, variations, &c.; music for the guitar, flute, &c.; instruction books for piano, flute, guitar, accordion, violin, tuning forks, Church music books, Bradbury's Floral Festival, Young Melodist, Young Choir, School Singer and Social Singing Books. Piano Fortes from $150 to $400, Coleman's Æolian attachment, &c. &c. &c.

CHARLES HOLT, Jr. Music Publishers
156 Fulton street, 2d door E. of Broadway
May 8, 1847.—1y. is.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.		**FLAX**	
Duty, 20 per ct ad val. per 100lbs		Du

Poetry.

For the Anti-Slavery Standard.

Lines in answer to an individual who called the writer a Traitor to his country, Disunionist, Incendiary, &c. because he advocated Anti-Slavery principles.

Yes! call me traitor, brand my name
With every term of vile disgrace,
I hear unmoved the words of shame,
And not a blush is on my face,
No, let them quail, the sordid crew,
Who bow at Mammon's filthy shrine,
To their own interest only true,—
A noble, holy cause is mine.

Hark! to the passing wind is given,
From Freedom's homestead, Thraldom's cry!
Listen! and still the ear is riven
With the deep groans of agony,
See, where oppression crushes down
Despairing millions to the dust,
See truth and virtue overthrown
By falsehood, cruelty, and lust.

And see the well-paid, selfish priest
Looking so meek and sanctified,
A seeming saint, in heart a beast,
His thrice seared conscience satisfied;
Blind, groping leader of the blind,
Dumb dog of Zion, watching not,
Save some fair specious plea to find,
For every foul and filthy blot.

Then mark the makers of our laws,
See Justice with its ermine soil'd,
The bird of peace with harpy claws,
And beak and talons, blood defil'd!
See fetters piled in Freedom's fane,
Not from the liberated torn,
But kept for frequent use again
To shackle brethren yet unborn.

Call me incendiary if ye will—
I'll plead the cause of human right,
Censure or persecute me, still
I smile at obloquy and slight;
If I could only help to wake
A world to action, welcome then,
The rack, the dungeon, or the stake,
If either serv'd my fellow-men.

I am a freeman, of that name
And blessings, none can worthy be
Whose will or power withholds the claim—
MAN'S BIRTHRIGHT, EACH ONE, LIBERTY!
The seed of truth, though blood-soaked, strown,
The honest upright heart will keep,
The germs must live, now sorrowing sown
The future shall with gladness reap.

JAMES STILLMAN.

Miscellany.

THE MOTHER.

BY HANS C. ANDERSEN.

There sat a mother with a little child. She was so downcast, so afraid that it should die. It was so pale; the small eyes had closed themselves; it drew its breath so softly, and now and then with a deep respiration, as if it sighed; and the other looked still more sorrowfully on the little creature.

Then a knocking was heard at the door, and in came a poor old man, wrapped up as in a horse cloth, for it warms one, and he needed it, as it was cold winter season. Everything out of doors was covered with ice and snow, and the wind blew so that it cut the face.

As the old man trembled with cold, and the little child slept a moment, the mother went and poured some ale into a pint pot, and set it on the stove that it might be warmed for him; the old man sat and rocked the cradle, and the mother sat down on a chair close by him, looked at her little sick child that drew its breath so deep, and raised its little hand.

"Do you think that I shall save him? said she, "our Lord will not take him from me?"

And the old man, it was Death himself, nodded so strangely, it could just as well signify yes as no. And the mother looked down in her lap, and the tears ran down over her cheeks; her head became so heavy; she had not closed her eyes for three days and nights; and now she slept, but only for a minute, when she started up and trembled with cold.—"What is that?" said she, and looked on all sides; but the old man was gone, and her little child was gone—he had taken it with him; and the old clock in the corner burred, and burred; the great leaden weight ran down to the floor, bump! and then the clock also stood still.

But the poor mother ran out of the house, and cried aloud for her child.

Out there, in the midst of the snow, there sat a woman in long, black clothes; and she said—"Death has been in thy chamber, and I saw him hasten away with thy little child; he goes faster than the wind, and he never brings back whom he takes!"

"Oh! only tell me which way he went!" said the mother; "tell me the way, and I shall find him!"

"I know it!" said the woman in the black clothes, "but before I tell it, thou must first sing for me all the songs thou hast sung for thy child!—I am fond of them; I have heard them before, I am Night; I saw thy tears whilst thou sang'st them!"

"I will sing them all, all!" said the mother; "but do not stop me now—I may overtake him—I may find my child!"

But Night stood still and mute. Then the mother wrung her hands, sang, and wept, and there were many songs, but yet many more tears; and then Night said—"Go to the right, into the dark pine forest; thither I saw Death take his way with thy child!"

The roads crossed each other in the depths of the forest, and she no longer knew whither she should go; then there stood a thorn bush, there was neither leaf nor flower on it, it was also in the cold winter season, and ice-flakes hung on the branches.

"Hast thou not seen Death go past with my little child?" said the mother.

"Yes," said the thorn bush; "but I will not tell thee which way he took, unless thou wilt first warm me up at thy heart. I am freezing to death; I shall become a lump of ice!"

And she pressed the thorn bush to her breast so firmly, that it might be thoroughly warmed, and the thorns went right into her flesh, and her blood flowed in large drops, but the thorn bush shot forth fresh green leaves, and there came flowers on it in the cold winter night, the heart of the afflicted mother was so warm; and the thorn bush told her the way she should go.

She then came to a large lake, where there was neither ship nor boat. The lake was not frozen sufficiently to bear her; neither was it open, nor low enough that she could wade through it; and across it she must go if she would find her child. Then she lay down to drink up the lake, and that was an impossibility for a human being, but the afflicted mother thought that a miracle might happen nevertheless.

"Oh, what would I not give to come to my child!" said the weeping mother; and she wept still more, and her eyes sunk down in the depths of the waters, and became two precious pearls; but the water bore her up, as if she sat on a swing, and she flew in the rocking waves to the shore on the opposite side, where there stood a mile broad, strange house, one knew not if it were built up; but the poor mother could not see it, she had wept her eyes out.

"Where shall I find Death, who took away my little child?" said she.

"He has not come here yet!" said the old grave woman who was appointed to look after Death's great greenhouse! How have you been able to find the way hither? And who has helped you?"

"Our Lord has helped me," said she. "He is merciful, and you will also be so! Where shall I find my little child?"

"Nay, I know not," said the woman, "and you cannot see! Many flowers and trees have withered this night! Death will soon come and plant them over again! You certainly know that every person has his or her life's tree or flower, just as every one happens to be settled; they look like other plants, but they have pulsations of the heart. Children's hearts can also beat; go after yours, perhaps you may know your child's, but what will you give me, if I tell you what you shall do more?"

"I have nothing to give," said the afflicted mother, "but I will go to the world's end for you."

"Nay, I have nothing to do there," said the woman, "but you can give me your long black hair; you know yourself that it is fine, and that I like it. You shall have my white hair instead! That's always something!"

"Do you demand nothing else?" said she, "that will I gladly give you!" And she gave her fine black hair, and got the old woman's snow-white hair instead.

So they went into Death's great greenhouse, where flowers and trees grew strangely into one another. There stood fine hyacinths under glass bells, and there stood strong-stemmed peonies; there grew water plants, some so fresh, others half sick, the water snake lay down on them, and black crabs pinched their stalks. There stood beautiful palm trees, oaks and plantains; there stood parsley and flowering thyme; every tree and flower had its name; each of them was a human life, the human frame still lived—one in China and one in Greenland—round about in the world. There were large trees in small pots, so that they stood so stunted in growth, and ready to burst the pots; in other places, there was a little dull flower in rich mould with moss round about it, and it was so petted and nursed. But the distressed mother bent down over all the smallest plants, and heard within them how the human heart beat; and amongst millions she knew her child's.

"There it is," cried she, and stretched her hand out over a little blue crocus, that hung quite sickly on one side.

"Do n't touch the flower," said the old woman, "but place yourself here, and when Death comes—I expect him every moment; do not let him pluck the flower up, but threaten him that you will do the same with others. Then he will be afraid; he is responsible for them to our Lord, and no one dares to pluck them up before he gives leave."

All at once an icy cold rushed through the great hall, and the blind mother knew it was Death that came.

"How hast thou been able to find thy way hither?" he asked. "How couldst thou come quicker than I?"

"I am a mother," said she.

And Death stretched out his long hand towards the little flower, but she held her hands tight round his, so fast and yet afraid that she should touch one of the leaves. Then Death blew on her hands, and she felt that it was colder than the cold wind, and her hands fell down powerless.

"Thou canst not do anything against me," said Death.

"But our Lord can!" said she.

"I only do his bidding," said Death. "I am his gardener; I take all his flowers and trees, and plant them in the great garden of Paradise, in the unknown land; but how they grow there, and how it is there, I dare not tell thee."

"Give me my child!" said the mother, and she wept and prayed. At once she seized hold of two beautiful flowers close by, with each hand, and cried out to Death, "I will tear all thy flowers off, for I am in despair."

"Touch them not," said Death. "Thou sayest thou art so unhappy, and now thou wilt make another mother equally unhappy."

"Another mother!" said the poor woman, and directly let go her hold of both the flowers.

"There, thou hast thine eyes," said Death; "I fished them up from the lake, they shone so bright; I knew not they were thine. Take them again; they are now brighter than before; now look down into the deep well close by, I shall tell thee the names of the two flowers thou would'st have pulled up, and thou wilt see their whole future life—their whole human existence; see what thou wast about to disturb and destroy."

And she looked down into the well; and it was a happiness to see how the one became a blessing to the world, to see how much happiness and joy were felt everywhere. And she saw the other's life, and it was sorrow and distress, horror and wretchedness.

"Both of them are God's will!" said Death.

"Which of them is Misfortune's flower, and which is that of Happiness?" asked she.

"That I will not tell thee," said Death; "but this thou shalt know from me, that the one flower was thy own child; it was thy child's fate thou saw'st—thy own child's future life!"

Then the mother screamed with terror. "Which of them was my child? Tell it me! save the innocent! save my child from all that misery! rather take it away! take it into God's kingdom! Forget my tears, forget my prayers, and all that I have done!"

"I do not understand thee," said Death. "Wilt thou have thy child again, or shall I go with it there, where thou dost not know?"

Then the mother wrung her hands, fell upon her knees, and prayed to our Lord,—"Oh, hear me not, when I pray against thy will, which is the best! hear me not! hear me not!"

And she bowed her head down in her lap, and Death took her child, and went with it to the unknown land.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

ART, PASSION, AND MADNESS.

Evelyn has described an enthusiastic lover of sculpture, the librarian of the Vatican, who was continually to be seen at one of the finest collections in Rome, talking to the statues, and kissing and embracing them. There are many well-authenticated accounts of persons having actually become passionately enamoured of beautiful statues. Madame de Haster, a German lady, an authoress, gives an account of an enthusiastic girl, who had made a deep impression on her; but her own words will tell the story best:—

"It was a singular occurrence, which I shall never forget. I was present at the National Museum when the girl entered the Salle d'Apollon. She was tall and elegantly formed, and in all the bloom of health. I was struck with her air, and my eyes involuntarily followed her steps. I saw her start as she cast her eyes on the statue of Apollo, and she stood before it as if struck by lightning. Gradually her eyes sparkled with sensibility; she had before looked calmly round the hall. Her whole frame seemed to be electrified, as if a transformation had taken place within her; and it has since appeared that, indeed, a transformation had taken place, and that her youthful breast had imbibed a powerful, alas! fatal passion. I remarked that her companion (an elder sister, it seems) could not force her to leave the statue, but with much entreaty; and she left the hall with tears in her eyes, and all the expressions of tender sorrow. I set out the very next evening for Montmorency; I returned to Paris at the end of August, and visited immediately the magnificent collection of antiques. I recollected the girl from Provence, and thought I might perhaps meet with her again, but I never saw her again, though I went frequently. At length I met with one of the attendants who I recollected had observed her with the same attentive curiosity which I had felt, and I inquired after her.

"'Poor girl,' said the old man, 'that was a sad visit for her! She came afterwards, almost every day, to look at the statue, and she would sit still, with her hands folded in her lap, gazing at the image; and when her friends forced her away, it was always with tears that she left the hall. In the middle of May, she brought, whenever she came, a basket of flowers, and placed it on the mosaic steps. One morning, early, she had contrived to get into the room before the usual hour of opening it; and we found her within the grate, sitting on the steps, almost fainting, exhausted with weeping; the whole hall was scented with the perfume of flowers, and she had elegantly thrown over the statue a large veil of Indian muslin, with a golden fringe; we pitied the condition of the lovely girl, and let no one into the hall till her friends came and carried her home. She struggled and resisted exceedingly when forced away; and declared in her frenzy that the god had that night chosen her to be his priestess. We have never seen her since; and we hear that an opiate was given her, and that she was taken into the country.'

"I made further inquiries concerning her history, and learned afterwards that she had died raving."

The effects of this deep sensibility were indeed sad; there are innumerable instances on record of delusions just as strong, and some as fatal—those who have witnessed them in others have described their own sensations as "startled and feeling for an instant as if in some supernatural presence." A young artist, in one of the cathedrals in Rome, was so struck by a fine painting, representing our Lord about to be taken from the cross, that he remained behind the congregation in earnest contemplation of the picture for such a length of time, that the person who had the care of the church at length grew impatient, and reminded him that it was time to go.

"I only wait," said the enwrapt painter, "till those holy men have lowered the body from the Cross."

—THE PRINCESS BELGIOSO, the readers of THE HOME JOURNAL probably know, has been, for the last ten years one one of the most renowned belles of Paris. At her first arrival in the French capital, she took the lead as a beauty,—the perfection as she was of a glowing young Italian—but her wit and conversational powers soon left her beauty a secondary thing, and even of this preëminence, she in a year or two became impatient.—With keen and ready industry she took up science, and before long became the beautiful centre of a circle of men of learning, lastly, even, having written a work of divinity which added to the respect of superior men for her powers.

The Princess was lately called upon by a scientific gentleman. On entering her drawing-room, he observed a young officer, and did not immediately recognize his fair friend under the disguise of the uniform. Her hair had been cropped short, and curled close to her head *a la Titus*. Her military frock was buttoned over her well rounded chest to the throat. The stripe down the pantaloon was fitted to the boot with the imperative turn that gives a meaning to the spur, and there was but one exception, which all women make to the correctness of masculine custom—the cap was cocked too far on one side.

"How am I to explain this new phase of our favourite planet?" said the astronomer, making at the same time the best possible use of his eyes.

"Ah!" replied the Princess, "you did not observe my travelling carriage in the court-yard as you came up?"

"And where bound, in these troubled times?" he asked with wonder.

"To the wars—to the wars!" she exclaimed, striking her heels together with a drill thump that made the apartment ring, "Italy—my country—is at war with the tyrannical Austrian, and I am off in an hour."

"Not famous enough, my dear Princess?" pathetically sighed the astronomer—"beauty, wit, science, theology, have all done their best for you, and still you are athirst for distinction!"

The Princess threw off her dramatic manner and looked grave.

"It is not altogether for a new fame," she said in another tone, "though that goes for something, as it well may—but my country Italy, is a land worth striking a blow for, even with so poor a hand as this, and I go to raise men with what money I can command, and to lead them if need be."

The Princess looked like an enthusiastic young officer of eighteen, while she spoke, though she is now past thirty—her male dress had so re-juvenated her—and her learned friend describes her expression, tone, and beauty together, as having been memorably attractive.

The account of this morning call has become current since the news from Italy, that, in the late attack of the Sardinian army upon the Austrian, the Princess led two hundred men, of her own arming and equipping, and behaved, herself, most gallantly. —*Home Journal.*

GRIEF WITHOUT HOPE.

Yes, if all the forests of this earth were pleasure grottoes, all valleys Campan, all islands holy, all fields Elysian, and all eyes sparkling, yes, then—no, even then the Eternal One would have given to our souls the promise of a future life, even in the blessedness of the present one. But now, oh God when so many houses are mourning ones, so many fields battle-fields, so many cheeks pale, and when we pass so many sunken, red, torn, closed eyes; oh! can death, be but the last destroying whirlwind? And when at last after thousand, thousand years, our earth is dried up by the sun's heat, and every living sound on its surface silenced, will an immortal spirit look down on the silent globe, and gazing on the empty hearse moving slowly on, say: "There the churchyard of humanity flies into the crater of the sun; on that burning heap many shadows, and dreamers, and wax figures have wept and bled, but now they are all melted and consumed: Fly into the sun which will also dissolve thee, thou silent desert with thy swallowed tears, with thy dried-up blood!" No, the crushed worm dares raise himself to his Creator and say: "Thou canst not have made me only to suffer.

"And who gives the worm the right to this demand?" asked Karlson.

Gione answered gently, "The Eternal One himself, wo gives us charity and who speaks in all our souls to calm us, and who alone has created in us our demands to Him and our hope in Him."

This good sweet word could not still calm all the waves of my excited soul. From a distant house, turtle-doves sent after us trembling, soul-felt plaints. About my tear-filled inward eye, assembled all those forms whose hearts were without guilt and without joy, who attained no single wish here below, and sinking under the frost and snow-storm of fate only longed, like persons freezing to death, to sleep; and all those forms who have loved too deeply, and lost too much, whose wounds were never cured until death had widened them, like a cracked bell which retains its hollow sound until the crevice is made larger, and the beings nearest me, and many other female ones, whose exquisitely tender souls fate most consecrates to torture, as Narcissus is consecrated to the God of Hell. I also remembered your true remark that you had never pronounced the words *pain* and *the past* before a woman, without hearing an almost inaudible sigh at the union of the two words, from the suffering heart; for women on the narrower stage of her plans with idealized wishes and desires built on others' worth, rather than on her own, has a thousand times more disappointments to suffer than we men.

The sun sank deeper behind the mountains, and giant shadows, like mighty birds of prey, came coldly down upon us from the eternal snow. I took Karlson's hand in mine, and looked with tearful, eyes into his manly, beautiful countenance, and said "Oh! Karlson, on what a blooming grand world you throw an immeasurable gravestone, which no time can lift!"—*Jean Paul.*

WOMAN'S CARES.

My heart always "stirs within me, when I read selections, made by editors," of the newspapers which are designed for us married ladies, setting forth our duty in relation to making our homes happy to our husbands; that we should always welcome them with a cheerful smile when they come in from the cares and fatigues of the day, and do all we can to make married life pleasant to them, &c. Now this is all well, and I trust I strive to reduce that theory to practice. But allow me to inquire if the cares and fatigues of the wife are always appreciated by the husband?

Shall I give a short sketch of domestic life as it is? not, of course, describing a family as it should be, but I wish to give a fair example of every-day life at home.

My neighbour, Mr. Benson, is a lawyer by profession, and is what the world calls a respectable man His income is small; but he married a lady who was able to furnish their small house handsomely, and they have some hopes of property in reversion.

Mrs. B. has been a wife twelve years, and is the mother of five children—the youngest but a babe; and the family are as happy as the larger portion of families.

It is a Monday morning, and this speaks "unterable things" to a New England wife, who has been married a dozen years. Mr. Benson has had his breakfast in season, has kissed the children, and gone to the office, where the boy has a good fire; the books and papers are all in order, and Mr. B. sits down to answer a few agreeable demands upon his time, which will eventually turn into cash. He goes home to his dinner punctually at one o'clock. It is ready for him. He takes it quietly; perhaps frolicks ten minutes with the baby, and then hurries back to his office. At the hour for tea he goes home—everything is cheerful, and, to quote the simple rhyme of an old song—

The hearth was clean—the fire was clear—
The kettle on for tea;
Benson was in his rocking-chair,
And blest as man could be.

But how has it been with Mrs. Benson through the day? She has an ill-natured girl in the kitchen, who will do half the work only, at nine shillings per week. Monday morning, at eight o'clock, four children must be ready for school; Mrs. Benson must sponge their faces and smooth their hair; see to the books, slates, pencils, paper, pocket-handkerchiefs. Yes, four of them are all in order.—And now the baby is crying; the fire is low; it is time Sally should begin to wash; the parlour, the chamber, the breakfast things, are all waiting.—Well, by a song to baby, who lies kicking in the cradle—a smile to smooth ruffled Sall—and with all the energy she can summon, things are straightened out, and the lofty pile of a week's wearing apparel begins to grow less. But the time shortens with it: it is almost dinner-time. By some accident the joint of meat is frozen; company call: Mr. Benson forgot to get any eggs Saturday, and Mrs. B. must do the next best thing. The bell rings twelve.—The door opens, and in rush the children from school John has torn his pantaloons. Mary must have some money, then, to buy a thimble—she has just lost hers. William has cut his finger with a piece of glass, and is calling loudly for his mother.

Poor Mrs. Benson endeavours to keep cheerful and look delighted in the hubbub. And now the dinner by her efforts alone, is upon the table. Her husband comes in, and, wonders perhaps, why "the pie is not a little better warmed." And with this comment, and a smile on the babe, he is off till it is time for tea. I forbear to finish the day; and shall say the afternoon is made up of trifles, too small to mention, but large enough to try the faith and patience of all the patriarchs.

Now, this wife has surely borne the burden and heat of the day! Her limbs are wearied—her whole energy of mind and body exhausted, and she is exhorted to "welcome her husband with a smile." She does it for woman's love is stronger than death. I would ask, should not Mr. B. give his wife a smile? What has he done to lighten her cares through the day? How is it? In nine cases out of ten, he wishes Mrs. Benson would put all those noisy children to bed. He should be glad to have her tell David to go to the post-office for letters and papers; and, at last, when half-way between sleeping and waking, he looks at his pale exhausted helpmate, and exclaims:—"Well wife, you begin to look a little fatigued!"

Editors should be more just, and, now and then, exhort husbands to do their part toward making home more agreeable to their wives, when the latter have, like Atlas, borne a world of cares and vexations through the day.

International Copyright.—Some three weeks since, two memorials addressed to Congress praying an amendment to the present law of copyright, one from John Jay, and the other signed by W. C. Bryant, and others, all of the city of New York, were presented to the House of Representatives by Mr. T. Butler King, of Georgia, upon whose motion they were ordered to be referred to a Select Committee. This Committee has only recently been appointed, and as we learn from a Washington letter, consists of the following gentlemen: T. Butler King, of Georgia; George P. Marsh, of Vermont; Charles J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania; Horace Mann, of Massachusetts; Isaac E. Morse, of Louisiana; Henry W. Hillard of Alabama; Alexander D. Sims, of South Carolina; William P. Preston, of Virginia; and Henry C. Murphy, of New York.

Most of these gentlemen are well known to the public for the interest which they have taken in advancing the cause of letters. We anticipate at their hands an able and elaborate report in favour of amending the present law of copyright, in such a manner as to relieve American authors from the overwhelming competition of unbought foreign literature, and to secure them, also, in the right to furnish translations of their own works. We look to this Committee to dispel, at once and forever, the idle objections that have been urged against an international copyright—a measure necessary alike for the protection of authors, the security of pulishers, the advancement of sound morals, the establishment of a national literature, and the vindication of the American character.—*Evening Post.*

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

STATE OF FRANCE.

Extract of a letter from a Boston gentleman at Paris:

PARIS, Thursday, P. M. 27th April.

I have but a moment before the post leaves to tell you the admirable manner in which the elections have passed off here, thanks to the good arrangement of the lists and to the moderation and intelligence of the Parisian people. All the votes are not yet counted, so that the final result will not be declared till to-morrow, but in many of the Districts the names of Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc stand so low that there is some reason to believe their election may be lost. It would be unfortunate that they should be thrown out. The ideas which they represent, if not developed before the National Assembly, will find a tribune elsewhere, away from the shrewd analysis and clear refutation which they would be sure to encounter in that body. The Paris list, with one or two exceptions, is excellent. Of all those inscribed, more than two-thirds, by present returns, have voted. This shows that the election is regarded as a serious matter, for of the absent third, a large portion were probably retained at home by illness and the pelting rains of an inclement April. Among those receiving the greatest number of votes is the eloquent Protestant teacher, M. Coqueril, whose glowing words few travellers in France have failed to feast upon. From present appearances we may conclude that the returns will be generally in favour of the old Republicans—the party of the "National"—with Lamartine, Marrast, and Garnier Pages as leaders.

I cannot urge upon you too often the necessity of receiving with great distrust the intelligence from France, that comes to you refracted through English newspapers. The conversational capital of those estimable old women, the *concierges*—composed of all the idle stories repeated by the *chiffonniers* and street-corner patriots—would seem to be served up in daily installments, for the edification of English readers.

You ask me what impression Louis Blanc's views have made in France. I should be glad to reply to the question fully, and regret that time will not now permit. It is necessary to divide my hurried answer. L. Blanc has developed views of the *actual state of society* in France, the justice of which few persons will deny: he proposes a remedy for the evils which are gnawing into the social body, and here there are wide differences of opinion. I am convinced that this remedy would only aggravate public distress, and such will be before long to all appearances the opinin of those who have upheld his theories. Still, he will have rendered immense service to France and to humanity, by forcing upon the public mind the necessity of opening schoolhouses—of spreading instruction—of restoring to the poor and meritorious those free places in colleges which have been used as electoral money for buying the votes of the rich—of taking off the taxes of bread, meat and salt—of organizing labour, by removing impediments to labour—by opening roads—by abolishing duties on manures and articles of first necessity in manufactures—by encouraging the introduction of improved tools—by extending savings-banks—and by other measures of a similar character, the necessity of enacting which at the present moment, is the severest commentary on the Government that has fallen.

* * * * Cormenin is charged with the draft of the new Constitution, and it is impossible to make him incline to more than one Chamber. He throws out the Executive Council, and adopts a President. There are several provisions, however, relative to the discussion of bills in committees of the Chamber, which will give perhaps as great guarantees for calm deliberation and second thought as could be obtained from a second Chamber constituted as it would be possible now to constitute one in France.

From Ewbank's Hydraulics.

FIRST STEAMBOAT.

In 1543, a naval officer, under Charles V. is said to have propelled a ship of two hundred tons by steam, in the harbour of Barcelona. No account of his machinery is extant, except that he had a large copper boiler, and that paddle-wheels were suspended over the sides of the vessel. Like all old inventors, he refused to explain the mechanism. The following account was furnished for publication by the superintendent of the Spanish royal archives:

"Blasco de Garay, a captain in the navy, proposed in 1543, to the Emperor and King, Charles the Fifth, a machine to propel large boats and ships, even in calm weather, without oars or sails. In spite of the impediments and opposition which this project met with, the emperor ordered a trial to be made of it in the port of Barcelona, which, in fact, took place on the 17th of the month of June, of the said year, 1543. Garay would not explain the particulars of his discovery; it was evident, however, during the experiment, that it consisted of a large copper of boiling water, and in moving wheels attached to either side of the ship. The experiment was tried on a ship of two hundred tons, called the Trinity, which came from Colibre to discharge a cargo of corn at Barcelona, of which Peter de Scarza was captain. By order of Charles V. Don Henry de Toledo, the Governor, Don Pedro de Cordova, the treasurer, Ravago, and the vice chancellor, and intendant of Catalonia, witnessed the experiment. In the reports made to the Emperor and to the prince, this ingenious invention was generally approved, particularly on account of the promptness and facility with which the ship was made to go about.—The treasurer, Ravago, an enemy to the project, said that the vessel could be propelled two leagues in two hours—that the machine was complicated and expensive—and that there would be an exposure to danger in case the boiler should burst. The other commissioners affirmed that the vessel tacked with the same rapidity as a galley manœuvred in the ordinary way, and went, at least, a league an hour. As soon as the experiment was made, Garray took the whole machine with which he had furnished the vessel, leaving only the wooden part in the arsenal at Barcelona, and keeping all the rest for himself. In spite of Ravago's opposition, the invention was approved, and if the expedition in which Charles V. was then engaged had not prevented, he would, no doubt, have encouraged it. Nevertheless, the Emperor promoted the inventor one grade, made him a present of two hundred thousand maravedis, and ordered the expense to be paid out of the treasury, and granted him, besides, many other favours."

From this account it has been inferred that steam vessels were invented in Spain, being only revived in modern times; and that Blasco de Garay should be regarded as the inventor of the first steam engine. As long as the authenticity of the document is admitted and no earlier testimony adduced, it is difficult to perceive how such a conclusion can be avoided, at least, so far as steam vessels are concerned. It may appear singular that this specimen of mechanical skill should have been matured in that country; but at the time refered to, Spain was probably the most promising scene for the display of such operations. Every one knows that half a century before, Columbus could find a patron nowhere else. The great loss which Charles sustained in his fleet before Algiers the previous year, must have convinced him of the value of an invention by which ships could be propelled without oars or sails; and there is nothing improbable in supposing the loss on that occasion (fifteen ships of war and one hundred and forty transports, in which eight thousand men perished, and Charles himself narrowly escaped) was one principal reason for Captain Garay to bring forward his project.

M. Arago, who advocates with peculiar eloquence and zeal the claims of Decaus and Papin, as inventors of the steam engine, thinks the document should be set aside for the following reasons: 1st. Because it was not printed in 1543. 2d. It does not prove that steam was the motive agent used. If Captain Garay really did employ a steam engine it was "according to all appearance" the reacting eolipile of Heron, and therefore nothing new. To us there does not appear much force in these reasons. M. Arago observes "manuscript documents cannot have any value with the public, because, generally, it has no means whatever of verifying the date assigned to them." To a limited extent this may be admitted.—Respecting private MSS. it may be true; but surely official and national records like those referred to by the Spanish Secretary should be excepted. We have in the eighth chapter of our Third Book quoted largely from official MS. documents belonging to this city (New York). Now these are preserved in a public office and may be examined to verify our extracts as well as their own authenticity; and the Spanish records we presume are equally accessible, and their authenticity may be equally established. The mere printing of both could add nothing to their credibility, although it would afford to the public better facilities of judging their claims to it. So far from rejecting such sources of information respecting the arts of former times, we should have supposed they were unexceptionable.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The infant Princess is to be called Louise, after the Queen of the Belgians.

The Chinese junk was towed into the East India Dock from Blackwall on Sunday. She is now being exhibited.

Abbotsford, which must ever be associated with the name of Scott, has been recently let to Mr. Hope, a London merchant, and a relation of the youthful proprietor.

The Royal juvenile, Prince Alfred, was on Tuesday appointed a Governor of Christ's Hospital, London, at the request of her Majesty, who sent a donation of £500 on his behalf.

A LADY OVERSEER.—The *Devonshire Chronicle* says, "At the Woodbury petty sessions, on Monday, Lady Susan Bergaum was appointed one of the overseers for the parish of Lympstone."

Liszt, the celebrated pianist, has gone to Hungary, his native country, where he has been not only elected as one of the members of the Legislative Assembly, but appointed one of the Vice-Presidents.

M. Ledru Rollin, the French Minister of the Interior, has had a *séparation de biens* declared between him and his wife, an Irish lady, whose maiden name, it appears, was Harriet Sharp. This *séparation de biens* saves the wife's property from the husband's creditors.

The Prince de Joinville, in his famous pamphlet, published in March, 1844, recommends Newhaven, in Sussex, as affording the best landing for an invading army. By a singular coincidence, his father and mother landed at Newhaven in March, 1848.

The expulsion of British work-people from France has begun to provoke measures of retaliation. Almost all the principal milliners in the West End, who have hitherto employed many French hands, have agreed for the future to employ none but English workwomen.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The total number of vessels captured by her Majesty's squadron on suspicion of being engaged in the slave-trade, during the years 1846 and 1847, was 106—viz: 39 in 1846, and 67 in 1847. The total number of slaves landed from prizes taken by her Majesty's ships, and liberated at Sierra Leone, in the fourteen years, commencing with 1832 and ending with 1845, was 38,577.

The *Journal des Villes et des Campagnes* says: "Louis Philippe owed everywhere. He paid as little as he could. His tradesmen were constantly applying to him for payment. He owed his fruiterers 95,000 francs, and his baker at Neuilly 25,000 francs. No man possessed in a higher degree the mania of heaping provisions, purchasing without measure, and generally without choice."

EMIGRATION AND FATHER MATHEW.—Emigration from this neighbourhood continues very prevalent. The United States of America appears as the *El Dorado* of the majority. This day (22d instant) a number of Nottingham people embark at Liverpool in *The New World*. Father Mathew visits our trans-Atlantic friends in the same vessel.—*Nottingham Review.*

THE PEOPLE'S LEAGUE.—Our readers will be gratified to learn that the Committee who have called the Conference in London for the 3d of May, for the purpose of forming a People's League of the middle and working classes, in favour of all the principles of just and equal representation, are receiving the most encouraging promises of support from all parts of the country. At their meeting last evening a great number of letters were read from influential persons, chiefly electors, promising to attend, and to give the League every support in their power.—*Nonconformist.*

LOLA MONTES.—The *Literary Gazette* says that Lola Montes is the daughter of the late Major Craigie, of the East India Company's service, and that when returning from India with her mother, she chanced to be a fellow-passenger of Lieutenant James, of the Bengal service, with whom she afterwards eloped, and again sailed for India; but getting tired of the monotonous life of the wife of a subaltern officer, she left his protection, and again found her way to Europe. She then came out as a danseuse, and visited most of the continental cities and towns of fashionable resort, under the assumed name of Lola Montes. She was an indifferent dancer, and was admired on the stage chiefly for her beauty and deportment. She is said to be graceful and dignified, and understands the art of dress to perfection. When in London some few years ago, she lodged in Tichfield street, and danced at her Majesty's theatre, where her person attracted greater admiration than her talents.

THE SWEETS OF SEDITION.—The sweets in the sugar-shops of Dublin have lately run into the popular mould of warlike sedition. Thus, little children have been able to imbibe the instructions of MITCHELL AND Co. by buying a pike for a halfpenny, in painted sugar. This is instilling poison into the infant minds of Ireland with a vengeance. Any ammunition, from a cannon-ball in Spanish liquorice to a musket in chocolate, can be had, we are told, at these saccharine depots. There is one consolation, however, that these arms will not stand fire, but are likely to run if they are at all warmly handled.—This Young Ireland must be a tremendous fire-eater, if, as we are informed, red-hot coals are sold three for a penny, at these incendiary arsenals. One sweetmeat vender has taken advantage of this new rage, and has written over his door, "Pike-maker to the Infantry of Ireland." Thus is Sedition made succulent to the most childish taste.—*Punch.*

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—Upon more than one occasion we deemed it our duty to point attention to the laudable exertions now being made by the Society of Friends, to give employment to the labouring population. They have now 550 acres, some of them already tilled, and the rest in preparation for the reception of various crops. All the operations are under the superintendence of Mr. Vaughan, the able practical instructor, who has been appointed under Lord Clarendon's letter. The people seem most anxious and ready to carry into effect the advice and suggestions of their instructor. Indeed, they plainly perceive that it is their interest to do so, as, by adopting his recommendations, the land will be made to produce four-fold more than under the old system. It is to be hoped that every facility will be afforded the Society of Friends in their benevolent labours, because by their instrumentality, the object for which the practical instructor has received his mission, will be fully carried out. The gratitude of the agricultural portion of Irishmen is justly due to Lord Clarendon, the originator of this instructive movement.—*Tyrawly Herald.*

GEORGE SECOND AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The King never spoke of the Prince but as a scoundrel and puppy, a knave and fool, a liar and coward.—"Besides his being a scoundrel," he would say, with a sort of ludicrous half-pity in his rage, "he is really *such* a fool!" Whenever this royal gentleman was angry, Lord Hervey tells us that his eyes would swell and widen with eagerness, and grow as red as other people's cheeks; and never without these red swelled eyes did the name of his first-born pass his lips. To do the Queen justice, she did not play second fiddle in this harmonious discord, either with her hate or the coarse expression she gave to it.—"My God," she would exclaim, "popularity always makes me sick, but Fritz's popularity makes me vomit." At one time she calls him an ass, at another the most hardened of liars; now he is a "mean fool," now a "poor-spirited beast," and now a "sordid, avaricious monster." It was her common prayer that she hoped, in God, she might never see him again; and on a particular occasion she was more than commonly explicit. "My dear Lord," she said to Hervey, "I will give it you under my hand, that my dear first-born is the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest *canaille*, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and that I most heartily wish he was out of it." Nor did the most amiable of her three daughters hesitate to chime in with epithets to the full as disgusting. While the mother cursed the hour of his birth, the daughters would grudge him every hour he continued to breathe; and "they neither of them," adds Hervey, "made much ceremony of wishing a hundred times a day that the Prince might drop drown dead of an apoplexy." Poor Fritz! Happy family!—*Lord Hervey.*

NEW PROFESSION IN PARIS.—Upon a brass doorplate, in the Rue de Lancry, in Paris, is inscribed, "Ambrose Fortin, Fourteenth." Upon the common superstition that thirteen is an unlucky number at table, this gentleman has founded the profession of dining out—holding himself ready, at his lodgings, from six o'clock till eight, in full dress and appetite, to receive any summons and fill a vacancy at any table. His fitness for his professions consists, moreover, in unsuspected morals, and complete acquaintance with the topic of the day. He passes his mornings in collecting the political hearsays, the private scandal, the *bon mots*, and the rumours of forthcoming gayeties. He begins to converse whenever looked at by his host, and ceases and eats when the attention is withdrawn, or when a real guest has anything to say. For this ready supply of a very common necessity to dinner-givers, he makes no charge—as he unites with his profession that of wine recommender, and is paid handsome sums by different owners of vineyards for speaking his mind as to the wines he finds on the different tables to which he thus has professional access. There are five well-known professed *quatorzièmes* (fourteenths) in Paris, and as it is estimated that there are 500 houses in that city where dinner parties are given, the fatal number of "thirteen" happen often enough to give full employment to these. It is supposed, indeed that the profession will be largely increased before the publication of the next census of trades in the almanack. Monsieur Fortin is described as a very handsome young man, of dignified manners and unstaggerable self-possession, an ornament to any table, and claiming no subsequent acquaintance, unless by the expressed wish of his employer.—*English paper.*

THE NATIONAL CLOCK.—When completed, the Westminster Palace clock will be the most powerful one in the empire. According to the specification given in certain Parliamentary papers which have been published, it is to "strike the hours on a bell of from eight to ten tons, and, if practicable, chime the quarters upon eight bells, and show the time upon four dials 30 feet in diameter." With the exception of a skeleton dial at Malines, the above dimensions, as remarked by a writer in *Chambers's Journal*, surpass those of any other clock-face in Europe.—The dial of St. Paul's is, as yet, the largest in this country with a minute hand; it is 18 feet in diameter. This new one is to be an eight-day clock, and as perfect as possible. Its formation is to be under the direction and approval of Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal. Among the conditions drawn up by him are these:—The frame to be of cast iron; wheels of hard bell-metal, with steel spindles, working in bell-metal bearings and to be separately shipped and unshipped